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# The True AND Witness



Vol. LV., No. 6

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1905.

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## THE HONOR OF ENGLAND

(R. Barry O'Brien, in Dublin Freeman's Journal)

England poses before the world as a nation which par excellence loves fair play and keeps her word. "English honor" is invested with something like divine attributes by English statesmen. "What guarantee," Mr. Pitt was asked in 1800, "has Ireland that England will keep her word?" "The honor of England," was the reply.

"England can do no wrong; she is in God's keeping," that is the English creed. Yet Ireland lies at England's door, and the page of Irish History is open, so that those who run may read.

From the Treaty of Limerick to Balfour's "redistribution" scheme is a long story, marked at almost every stage by meanness and falsehood, by cowardice and perfidy.

The pledge of "English honor" given at Limerick to guarantee the civil and religious liberty of Catholics (constituting the bulk of the nation) was followed by a series of laws—more infamous perhaps than can be found in the statute book of any nation—reducing the Catholic population to a state of serfdom, and depriving even the Protestant minority of commercial rights and privileges, which were vital to the material prosperity of the country.

The pledge of English honor given in 1782 as a guarantee that the legislative independence of Ireland should never again be "questioned or questionable" was followed in 1800 by the destruction of the Irish Parliament under circumstances which showed that England was lost to all sense of honor, and capable of using the foulest means to gain the basest ends. In 1800 the honor of England was pledged to emancipate the Catholics. But Catholic Emancipation was refused for over a quarter of a century. It was then granted with mean reluctance, England yielding to the pressure of force what she had refused to the appeal of justice and honor.

In the moment of defeat and surrender the English Government of the day spitefully resolved to wound and injure. O'Connell had roused his people, and with the help of the forty shilling freeholders won the Clare election, making Emancipation inevitable. For this victory he and those who had made it sure were to be punished.

The Catholic Emancipation Act was so framed that O'Connell was not allowed to take his seat without seeking re-election, and the forty shilling freeholders were at once disfranchised. It was thought then that the force of meanness could go no further. But the Balfour administration was still in the womb of Time. In 1829 English honor was pledged to throw open to Catholics positions of power and emolument in the State. But the Emancipation Act was made a dead letter, and Catholics were still in the main excluded from all influence in the Government of their country; and so in the main they are excluded to this day. After Emancipation, as before, England ruled Ireland through and for the Protestant minority, whom, however, she did not hesitate to betray when it served her purpose. In 1832 measures of Parliamentary reform doing justice to the people of England and Scotland became law. In the same year an Irish Reform Bill was passed, which led even in the words of an English statesman to the "virtual extinction of the representation of Ireland." In 1844 the population as between England and Ireland was in the proportion of two and a quarter to one, while the number of electors was in the proportion of eight and a half to one. Ireland was cheated of electoral rights under the promise of electoral equality!

In 1838 English honor was pledged to abolish the law by which Irish Catholics paid tithes to the English Protestant Church. But under the form of redress the substance of injustice was preserved. The name was abolished, but the thing was retained, and the Irish Catholic tenants still paid in rent what they had hitherto paid in tithes. The Tithes

Commutation Act of 1838 was a fraud.

In 1840 English honor was pledged to reform the Irish Municipal Corporations. But a measure was passed which, in the words of an English historian, "virtually disfranchised them."

Of sixty-eight Irish Municipal Corporations fifty-eight were abolished, and a restricted franchise was given to the remaining ten. The "honor of England" was then satisfied.

Throughout almost the whole of the 19th century the masses of the Irish people were steeped in misery and poverty. Agriculture—the trade of the country—was starved by iniquitous laws which robbed the tenant of his industry, and made an alien aristocracy arbiters of the nation's fate. The gaunt figure of famine, haunted by the evil spirit of Coercion, habitually stalked the land, and the perishing people—whose prayers for justice were received by the English Parliament with denial, with contempt, with insult—fled over the seas seeking shelter from the power of the foreigner, whose rule was as fatal as the hand of death. Between 1841 and 1881 Ireland was depleted of 3,000,000 of her people. It seemed as if the policy of extermination, which Mountjoy and Cromwell, and the Penal Code, could not make successful, might yet be carried out by enlightened and humane statesmen of the 19th century.

Those who were entitled to speak for England looked upon the disappearance of the Irish as a crowning mercy, and rejoiced that the "Celt" was "going with a vengeance." But the end was not yet. The remnant of the population still struggled for justice and freedom. A great Irish leader arose; a great Irish organization was formed; the Irish rose all the world over, rallied to the cry for help which went out from the old country; the Irish Parliamentary representatives, disciplined, determined, united, made their presence for the first time felt in a hostile assembly. A storm of revolution swept over the three Kingdoms and shook the House of Commons to its centre. England in the old way bowed to the tempest. Coercion when she dared, concession when she must, has always been the keynote of her Irish policy. The Irish peasant was freed; Irish political autonomy was almost established. O'Connell and the forty shilling freeholders were, as we have seen, punished because they forced England to emancipate the Catholics. The Irish Parliamentary representation of to-day is to be cut down, and Irish boroughs and counties are to be disfranchised, because Irish members and Irish voters freed the Irish peasant and brought Home Rule within measurable distance of success.

The Prime Minister has for the moment been checked in mid-ocean. His foul design has for the instant been baffled by his ignorance of Parliamentary precedence. The ill-directed blow of the assassin has missed its mark, but the dagger is still in the assassin's hand. Ireland forewarned must be forearmed.

The Prime Minister has changed his plans but not his purpose. Having failed to carry the position by "resolution," he means to take it by "Bill." He must be resisted to the last.

The Englishman has not changed his skin. He is now as he has ever been, ready to cheat and to despoil the Irish people. The Prime Minister proposes to rob Nationalist Ireland of twenty-two Parliamentary seats. But he does not propose to give one of those seats to Unionist Ireland. He distrusts Unionist and Nationalist alike, for he knows that his nation has defrauded and betrayed both. But assuredly Irishmen of all classes, creeds and interests—landlord and tenant, Catholic and Protestant, Orange and Green—ought to learn a lesson in unity from this latest exhibition of English injustice, meanness and treachery. The Protestants should remember that though the Penal Laws were passed to oppress Catholics, the Commercial

Code was passed to injure Protestants. Landlords should remember that though England legislated against the tenant, she did not hesitate when it suited her purpose to undermine the authority of themselves. Above all, they should never forget the words of Grattan: "The Irish Protestant cannot be free while the Irish Catholic is a slave." The upshot of English dominion in Ireland for the past hundred years has been the wholesale decline of the population of the country. The peasantry are perishing, the landlords are perishing. The upes tree of foreign rule has poisoned the air. Life under its shadow is impossible. Only in one way can all be saved—only in one way can Ireland be saved—by the establishment of a National Government, possessing the confidence of the people, and drawing its inspirations from them.

### A Gracious Act by a Just Administration.

Under the above heading the Good Counsel Magazine, published at Villanova by the Augustinian Fathers, prints the following:

The following letter in reference to an act in favor of the religious in the Philippine Islands has come to us, and we publish the same with especial pleasure:

"War Department, Washington.

"My Dear Father McErlain—I have your letter of recent date, in which you write me of the sacred vessels used in divine service by the Augustinian friars, which had been removed to Hong Kong during the disturbances, for the sole purpose of securing their safety, and which ought to come back into the Philippine Islands without paying duty.

"You may remember that I fully concurred with you in your views, and did not forget it when the Philippine tariff bill was before Congress and then secured by writing myself the following amendment, which passed both houses, and is now the law:

"(b.) Vessels for Communion or other sacred purposes, vestments, relics, jewels, candelabra and other articles belonging to any church and belonging solely for religious ceremonial purposes in and about an altar or a church, or worn by priests or ministers of religion for such purposes, if such articles were in the Philippine Islands, and were removed therefrom before July first, nineteen hundred and two, to avoid the danger of robbery or depredation, but such articles are to be admitted without duty only after the Governor-General shall be satisfied by evidence produced that the articles presented for admission free are within the foregoing description and shall certify the fact to the collector of customs for the Philippine Islands.

"This is to be found in the statutes at large, 1904-5, page 975, and is part of an act that some such provision should be made, and you will bear me out. I have complied with my promise. Very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM H. TAFT.

"Rev. John McErlain, O.S.A., St. Lawrence's Church, Lawrence, Mass.

### REQUIEM FOR LEO XIII.

On Thursday, 20th July, a Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Sistine Chapel, Rome, on this, the second anniversary of the death of the lamented Pontiff Leo XIII. It seems but yesterday since Rome and the whole Christian world were standing anxious by the bedside of the dying Pope. All other thoughts and thrones of conversation were hushed in the presence of the struggle of the aged Pontiff with death. It is safe to say that at no time in the history of Christendom has such universal attention been concentrated on the successor of St. Peter. Two years have passed, says a Florentine Catholic journal, since the most beloved of Fathers, the Venerable Pontiff of the Rosary, the vindicator of social justice and of the liberty of the Church, descended into the tomb in the midst of the consternation and sorrow of the whole Catholic world.

On the left, or Gospel side, of the altar the Pontifical Throne, hung with crimson damask, was placed. In the centre of the chapel, in front of

the altar, were arranged the benches for the Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, and the Roman nobility. The remaining portion of the Sistine was occupied by the gallery or tribune erected for the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, and the representatives of the Sovereign Order of Malta. At half-past ten the Holy Father, accompanied by the members of the Vatican Court, entered the chapel and took his place upon the throne, assisted by their Eminences Cardinals Agliardi, Macchi and Segna.

The Mass was celebrated by His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannucchi, Bishop of Palestrina, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Council. The celebrated Sistine choir, under the direction of Monsignor Lorenzo Perosi, Perpetual Director, accompanied the Mass with the Offertory, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, and Lux Aeterna of Casciolini, and the Kyrie, Requiem, Dies Irae, and the Libera of the Maestro Perosi. The Holy Father at the Throne followed the Mass, and at the Elevation he descended from the throne and knelt at the faldstool before the altar.

After the Mass was ended the Holy Father imparted the Absolution. The ceremony was over at midday.

### FRANCE AND POPE PIUS X.

The Paris Figaro has a very notable contribution as to the state of mind of the French Moderates regarding the Pope at the present moment. The writer of this article is M. Eugene Lautier. After relating that the Catholics of Rome voted numerously at the municipal elections in the beginning of the present month, this writer asks: "But what profit will the Sovereign Pontiff have in appearing a little as the supreme leader of a new Conservative group which has three or four representatives in the Chamber? When Leo XIII. gave counsels to the Catholics of France or of Germany he spoke as the head of Catholicity. When Pius X. gives counsels to the Catholics of Italy there is great care taken to tell us (see a conversation of his friend Cardinal Capocci) that Italian patriotism animates him and inspires him with the interest of the Church."

The aim of this is to insinuate a comparison between Leo XIII. and Pius X. to the detriment of the latter. And the writer goes on to say: "I remember that on the morning of the election of the new Pope, it was said 'this will be a religious Pope.' Egregious nonsense! All the successors of St. Peter are religious Popes; and also all of them are forced to deal with politics. The only difference is that they do not deal with it in the same way. The policy of Leo XIII. was universal, or, as one says at present, worldwide. . . . And then comes the new French complaint against the Pope. 'No doubt,' says M. Lautier, 'that the former Pontiff would have found something to say upon the war between Russia and Japan, and that he would not have left to President Roosevelt the monopoly of pacific deal. And without insisting on it, when I think of the power of the Catholic Centre in Germany, it seems to me that a Leo XIII. would have attempted something, a little while ago, to aid in the appeasement of a certain conflict.'

If this be a specimen of the views of the moderate minds of France to-day, one may well conclude that their future is hopeless. The only use they seem to have for a Pope is to secure to them their finances, by his bringing about a cessation of the war between Russia and Japan, and to impress upon the Catholic Centre of the German Parliament the necessity of saving them—the antagonists of Germany—from the consequences of their own folly and insolence. And all the while that the Pope was employed in making peace between Russia and Japan, and assailing the Centre to play the part of traitor to Germany, they should employ all their efforts to sweep from out the broad land of France every one who acknowledged the Pope as Head of the Church! There does seem no limit to the ridiculous extravagance of the ordinary French publicist at the present day.

### Archbishop Bourne's Views of Ireland and the Irish Party.

Helen Derome, an Australian newspaper correspondent, interviewed Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, last week, and gives a pen picture of that prelate as follows:

The Archbishop of Westminster, Most Rev. Francis Bourne, is a typical Englishman. He is a man who in his calm, dignified personality, his handsome, ascetic face, his "air," typifies the strange, inexplicable inevitability of that extraordinary thing called lineage, birth, race—they are all one's! One feels, at sight of the stately pile called "Archbishop's House" in old Westminster, that England, more than any other country, is imbued with the seriousness of the duty of impressiveness.

Flights of stately steps lead to the shrine which houses Westminster's Archbishop. One can hear a pin drop in the strange stillness of this great house. Life here is a quiet, calm, marble-hearted, ascetic thing. How quiet, how terribly serious it all is! I thought, as I sat in lonely splendor in the audience chamber of His Grace at Westminster.

A door opens with slow deliberateness, and with the punctuality common to royalty and gentlemen—the Archbishop entered the room. But what a surprise to me! I expected, of course I did, an old, white-haired gentleman. To my astonishment, a young man confronts me—a young man of aristocratic bearing, tall and thin, with the slight build and the stately carriage of the well-born Englishman.

"Surely the youngest Archbishop in the world!" I could not help saying.

The Archbishop smiled amusedly: "No," he said, "there is one other who is only 42 while I am 44." (He looks 30.) Archbishop Gleason holds a see in America, where it is not so strange to be young and powerful.

The Archbishop of Westminster is not partial to the newspaper interviewer, so that for the interest which attaches to his remarks for American readers Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Australia, is to be thanked. But for the possession of a written request from the great Australian Cardinal I should certainly never have gained access to the house of Westminster.

With perfect courtesy the Archbishop prepared to answer me, after first inquiring into the health of the Australian and American cardinals, of both of whom he is an honest admirer.

"Your Lordship is, of course, an Englishman?"

"I am," said the Archbishop. "My father was English and my mother was Irish, and I was born here in England."

"What is the attitude of the English Catholics toward the Irish Catholics?" I inquired.

A thoughtful look came into the quiet blue eyes of the young Archbishop as he said slowly:

"The English and Irish races are entirely different, with a difference which nothing has or ever will overcome. There is no doubt a great union of sympathy on essential questions, such as education—but the two countries will never understand each other fully. I sympathize intensely with Ireland, but my heart is also with England, and, as far as I can see, Home Rule is still quite in the far future."

"I think that if the university question had been settled as well as the land question in Ireland, there would have been a much greater unity of spirit and opinion in Ireland itself, for even politically it is terribly divided. Since Parnell instituted that party pledge it has been almost impossible for men of the upper classes to go into Parliament at all."

"With regard to the Home Rule question the Catholic Church has no direct influence. The Catholics in England are all divided into different political parties. Yet where Catholic interests are at stake those differences don't disunite. Then, again, in the question of free trade Catholics are divided; in fact, only in a

very few questions are they united, such as the education question and the royal declaration grievance. It is obviously unfair," continued the Archbishop, "that at his coronation every English sovereign should be forced to denounce the Catholic faith."

### BACK FROM ENGLAND.

Rev. Father Wafer Doyle, S.J., arrived from one of the Jesuits' Colleges in England on Saturday evening. Father Doyle is appointed Bursar of Loyola College for the scholastic year.

Rev. Father Malone, S.J., has been appointed Professor of Mathematics at Loyola College.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last night's concert, given under the auspices of No. 1 Division, A.O. H., was a grand success in every particular. At the appointed hour for the opening of the programme it was found somewhat difficult to procure seats for the few late comers who presented themselves for admission, and as Mr. J. O'Neill, chairman for the evening, came forward to start the proceedings, the scene presented was certainly a most encouraging one.

The various parts were well sustained, and special mention is due to Misses Walker, O'Brien, Fitzgerald and Mrs. Merington, as also to Messrs. Holton, Hogan, Winterbottom, Jones, Scott, Prentice, Dundardale and Holland for the many well-chosen songs presented during the evening. The concertina solo by Mr. G. Price, and violin solo by Mr. Brown showed that these gentlemen were not only capable in the handling of their favorite instruments, but also endowed with that spirit of being ever ready to offer enjoyment, a faculty so necessary and pleasing on such occasions.

Mr. F. Hogan's recitation was certainly well given, listened to with wrapt attention, and made the subject of prolonged and well merited applause. We should not forget the song by Master Baker, nor the fine accompaniment played by his sister, as also the song and dance by Mr. Prentice.

On the whole, the evening was a most enjoyable one, and presents a fair prospect for the future of the institution.

### HARVESTING IN THE WESTERN PROVINCES.

Thirteen thousand men will be required in the harvesting of 100,000,000 bushels of grain now ripening in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Excursions have been organized for those who wish to work on the harvest and at the same time see the fertile western prairies.

Tickets can be had from all points in the Province of Quebec for \$12, which will be sold with a certificate extending the trip beyond September 15th, 1905, without additional cost to any station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, west, northwest, and southwest of Manitoba and Assiniboia, but not west of Moosejaw, Yorkton and Estavan, provided excursionist engages as a farm laborer. Excursionists who shall have worked at harvesting not less than thirty days, and who will produce a certificate to that effect, will be returned to the original starting point in the East, until Nov. 30th, 1905, at \$18.

Any further information, particularly in regard to Manitoba, can be obtained either in writing, or personally, at the office of the Manitoba Immigration Commissioner, Room 22, 107 St. James street, Montreal.

I walked myself upright, alone, Nor asked of any aught of aid; Before me straight my course was laid, I know each corner stone.

But, ah! Love took my hand one day, A moment stayed, then left again; I started on, but, strange, since then, I cannot find my way!

—After reads.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Although the overflow of summer joys has just been realized to us, there are signs of a waning season.

FASHIONS.

There is an endless variety of washable hats for little folks. There are floppy little hats of scalloped pique, of which the inside of the brims are faced with tiny lace frills, and the tam o' shanter crowns encircled by a bow of ribbon.

In coats, both long and short are seen, the three-quarter length leading in evening coats. Etons, boleros, redingotes and long plain coats are all in evidence, and no matter what one's figure is it may be suitably skirted and coated.

The linen collar for women is again in favor. But unless the neck is to be ruined it should not be worn tight, but loose enough to give the throat full play.

The newest note in summer gowns is to have the entire costume—gown, hat and sunshade—in linen embroidered in openwork. The effect is charming and should not be spoiled by a note of color.

Bright green roses are seen among the millinery display, and all sorts of posies that never wear on land find a place on the up-to-date hat.

To be quite a la mode one must have now a set of hats that belong together (five is the accepted number) in place of the hodgepodge of pins that has been used so long.

Returning to the white serge frocks the French makers have introduced many novelties in cut and line. The Empire ideas that have taken so firm a hold lately appear here, as elsewhere, and Empire coats, long or short, are made up in white serge or white cloth with skirts to match and the severe tailor finish or with collars, cuffs and motifs of heavy open work embroidery on linen.

The embroidery trimmed long coat is not so elaborate that it would be barred from the somewhat severe class of white costumes under discussion, and, in this middle ground 'twixt the plainly tailored and the ornate, there are many white wool frocks slightly but effectively enriched by touches of bold and handsome embroidery or motifs of Irish crochet or other heavy lace.

TIMELY HINTS.

Mud stains can be removed from silk if the spots are rubbed with a bit of flannel, or, if stubborn, with a piece of linen, wet with alcohol.

If you rub grass stains with molasses they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash.

The juice of onions will quickly allay the intolerable stinging pain from a bee or wasp sting.

At least once a week, if not oftener, the carpet sweeper should be thoroughly cleaned, the box wiped out with an oiled cloth, and the brush brushed with a whisk broom.

Wetting the hair occasionally in a solution of salt and water will keep it from falling out.

Soap shavings, or a small lump of yellow soap tucked into a mouse hole prevents the reappearance of the mouse.

Unpainted wire netting not only makes a good rest for flat irons when several thicknesses are used, but is most effective to clean them on.

Paraffin can be used the second time to cover jelly and jars if it is washed clean and boiled before being turned over the fruit again.

Put brown paper on top of the wardrobes. This is easily taken off and shaken to prevent the wardrobes becoming thick with dust.

RECIPES.

Iced Bouillon—For one who needs nourishing food through the warm weather, a pleasant change is made by serving clear soups iced. Prepare bouillon early in the day, having it very strong, adding to each quart one egg and the clean, crushed shell, bring to the boiling point, then simmer for a few moments; strain through a thick cloth, and set on ice for three or four hours. Put the cups in which it will be served on ice for an hour, so they will be thoroughly chilled.

Summer Salad—Celery, green peppers, tomatoes, cucumbers, stuffed olives, and English walnuts. All cut in small pieces, mixed thoroughly with French dressing, and served on crisp lettuce leaves. Both salad and dressing should be very cold. If the above mixture is cut fine, it may be used for filling tomato, cucumber or green pepper shells.

Hot Compote of Fruit—Stew to a pulp four large apples peeled and cored, and one guinea. With a silver fork mash three bananas, and express the juice of three large oranges into a cup. Butter a shallow pudding dish and cover the bottom with a layer of sweet biscuit crumbs. On this put, by alternate spoonfuls, the hot apple pulp and banana until all is used. Then sprinkle a cupful of brown sugar over all and moisten with the orange juice. Cover with a layer of biscuit crumbs, dot with "nuts" of butter, and bake twenty minutes to a delicate brown. Serve hot.

Rhubarb Jellied with Candied Orange Peel.—Cut a pound and a half of rhubarb into pieces an inch in length, sprinkle over it a cup and a half of sugar, and about a fourth of a cup of candied orange peel, cut in tiny bits, also a few tablespoonsful of hot water. Cover and bake, or cook directly over the fire until the rhubarb is tender. For three cups of material soften one-third of a package of gelatine in one-third of a cup of cold water; and, when well hydrated, turn it into the hot rhubarb. Pour into a mould, to harden. Serve with thin cream, sweetened and frothed with a whip churn. Decorate the cream with fingers cut from candied orange peel. Soften the peel if needed, by cooking it in sugar and water.

Rice may be cooked with cheese, making a dish equal to macaroni. Boil and drain the rice and place it in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers with grated cheese. Sprinkle the top thickly with bread crumbs, dot with butter, moisten with milk, and bake in a quick oven.

WHEN BABY SAYS GOOD-NIGHT.

Her little feet so white and bare  
Trip down the wide and winding stair;

Arrayed in simple gown of white  
She comes to bid me sweet good-night,

The rosy cheeks, the chubby arms—  
I worship all the baby charms,  
And kiss the lips that prattle so  
Of childish joy and childish woe,  
And then I breathe a silent prayer  
For little feet so white and bare.

For tired heart and brows that ache,  
There's balm that follows in her wake;

No greater blessing joy commands  
Than soothing stroke of childish hands.

What greater boon to helpful bliss  
Than dimpled cheeks to press and kiss?

I seem to part from ways of men,  
And cling the more to heaven, when  
She trips adown the winding stair  
With little feet so white and bare.

A last good-night and then she's gone  
To tread the shores that love grows on,

The dreamland isle where roses meet  
And tangle up the childish feet  
That pass that way. I grow resigned  
To fate which seemed to me unkind  
And cruel in its every task,  
But now no earthly boon I ask;  
I only laugh at sordid care,  
And bless the feet so white and bare.

LET US MIND OUR OWN AFFAIRS

It is extraordinary the passion most people have for managing other people's affairs, and ordering their loves. Not only do they give much advice when asked for, but far too many feel it their duty to give advice when not sought, in the case of those they know, whilst very many will be constantly speculating upon the affairs of comparative strangers,

and say what they would do if they were "so-and-so."

Far too many of the frictions, quarrels and unpleasantnesses of this life are either caused or fomented by the interference of a third member, who would, in the majority of cases, be far better employed in managing her own affairs.

There are times, of course, when it is perfectly proper to give other people the benefit of whatever wisdom you possess, but it is a very good and safe rule never to volunteer advice.

Wait till it is asked for, or, better still, let it be dragged from you reluctantly. If your counsel is found to be valuable, the chances are that it will be asked for frequently, and even dragged from you, and if events prove to be worthless, as it is quite probable, you can console yourself with the thought that you gave it unwillingly.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S REASONS FOR THE FAILURE OF WOMEN'S WORK.

It has been repeatedly stated that, although women's work is quite equal to that of men, the scale of payment is much lower, owing to the prejudice which still exists in the minds of men against the encroachment of women in the labor market and to the competition among women themselves on account of the ever-increasing number who are forced to earn their own livelihood.

As a matter of fact, however, except in rare cases, women's work is not equal to that of men, not because they are not equally capable of doing it or do not understand it, but because very few women can be induced to take their work seriously, and will not devote the time necessary to perfecting themselves in it until too late. If they enter the ranks of the workers as girls they do so in nine cases out of ten simply to earn sufficient money to dress on until such time as they shall be married.

A girl who learns shorthand and typewriting, for instance, rushes through a three-month course at some school, and gains a position in an office with the idea firmly fixed in her head that she will probably be there only for a year or two. She takes no interest in her work beyond getting it done as quickly as possible, and sits all day with one eye on the clock until her hour of release arrives, when she puts on her hat and promptly forgets everything connected with the office.

Her essential ambitions and interests are all outside of it; it is merely an irksome means of obtaining extra spending money; while every creature that wears trousers instead of skirts is viewed in the light of a possible husband instead of a co-worker. Then, if the years go on and the hoped-for marriage does not take place, the girl drifts into the middle-aged woman, drab, despondent and hopeless, content to rub along on the small pittance which keeps her from actual want, but with no ambition and no interest in life.

If, instead of starting with such ideas, the girl begins her work, whatever it may be, with the firm determination to get to the top sooner or later, marriage appears to her more in the light of a handicap than otherwise, and men, instead of being merely the opposite sex, are regarded in the light of competitors with long odds in their favor. Such a girl invariably succeeds in lifting herself out of the ruck and gaining some definite position and prospects, even if she never attains any very great height. But to do this it is necessary at all times to put the work before outside interests and personal wishes. Everything must be sacrificed to the one end.—London Express.

THE GODLESS WOMAN.

People instinctively shrink from the Godless Woman, for the Godless Woman is the one without heart and without affection. There is no light in her. There is no glory. Hers is a cold and rebellious spirit. She is discord in the sweetest harmonies of the universe. She is a wandering star, she is a motionless brook; she is a voiceless bird; the strings of her soul are never touched by the infinite hand, she knows nothing of the goodness, of the truth, of the beauty of God, and of those that love Him. Like the masculine woman, she has no place in the world.

It would be a false conception to imagine that because a woman is not performing public functions, because she is not present in the glare of the foot-lights, because she is not engaged in making great history that therefore her time is lost; that she is, as it were, an outcast from the providence of God and that her days are useless. If she be a good wife and mother, and a good sister, and a good daughter, if she help her father

to bear his burdens, if she relieve her fading and falling mother, if she restrain her brother from wicked associations, if she gathers the forsaken around her knee in the moment of distress and press them to her heart, and love them and make them feel that life is worth living, because there is a human heart that goes out to them, she may perform her mission in the world.—Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J.

A BRILLIANT NUN RECEIVES A DEGREE.

The nun is a Tertiary Carmelite from South India. Sister Beatrice tried hard to be invested without coming to the university, but the principal, Sir W. Turner, and the secretary senatus, Sir L. Grant, would not hear of it. They excused her from coming in academical costume, because this was really derived from the religious dress, and so her habit would do for her robe, and her veil for the cap; the hood only would be required. Sister Beatrice—formerly Miss D'Lima—is from Madras. Her two sisters are also Carmelites. This is probably the first case, at least in recent years of a nun receiving the degree of Master of Arts at a British university.

HOW TO RELIEVE ASTHMA.

Get some compound tincture of bonzoai at the druggist's and keep it in readiness for attacks of asthma if any of the family are subject to them. When needed, pour one teaspoonful of the tincture in a bowl and set it in a small pail of boiling water. Pour one pint of boiling water in the bowl and hold the face close over it while inhaling the fumes. Have someone pin a large newspaper over the head so that none of the steam can escape. The relief will begin with the first breath of steam, and the laboring air passages will soon be quite comfortable. Repeat the treatment as often as the case requires.

SUCCESSFUL DRY CLEANING.

A woman who home-cleans her laces and chiffons and other unwashable articles has great success in a dry cleaning process of her own invention. Filmy scarfs and their like are rubbed gently in a mixture of three parts starch and one of borax. Then they are covered with a clean layer of the starch and borax and left overnight.

WORKING GLOVES.

Many young housekeepers wear old kid gloves to protect their hands when sweeping and performing other duties that are hard on them. A pair of men's buckskin gloves are better. The leather is thicker and protects the hands better, and it whitens the hands and softens them.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been telling his constituents a story of a small boy who went to his mamma and asked her to lend him a pencil.

"But," said the mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?"

Clarence hesitated for a moment. "Don't you think, mamma," he said at length, "that The Times is a very useful paper?"

"Of course I do," answered mamma; "but what—"

"Well, you see," the little lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."

An inquiry was being made into the case of an officer who was supposed to have come in very drunk one night. His servant was called before the board and questioned.

"Was there anything about your master's conduct to lead you to suppose he was drunk?" he was asked.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Did he say anything to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to call him early."

"Call him early," repeated the examiner, "why should you do that?"

"There was no parade that morning. Did he give any reason for wanting to be called early?"

"Yes, sir, he said I was to call him early for he was to be Queen of the May."

Teacher—James, you may tell where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

James—Please, ma'am, at the bottom.

A small city girl, visiting with her mother at a friend's house in the country, on seeing some guinea hens, exclaimed, "Mamma, look at those chickens with calico dresses on!"

THE FIDELITY OF LANGY.

(By W. Crawford Sherlock.)

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Frank Warren sat in the library, lazily smoking a good cigar and glancing occasionally at the newspaper that lay before him. Having attended the morning service and partaken of a good dinner, he felt satisfied with himself and the world in general. His meditations were interrupted by a knock on the door, and a servant announced that a colored man wished to see him.

"Show him up," said Mr. Warren, and in a few minutes the visitor entered. He was short of stature, although powerfully built; the short, flat nose, great, thick lips, protruding ears and small, glittering black eyes below the low, narrow forehead, gave him a repulsive look which was heightened by the sinister expression of his features. He shuffled into the room, and stood, cap in hand, resembling more a wild animal about to spring than a human being.

"Hello, Langy, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Warren.

"Big fish down town, boss; spread in' fas', Bettah go an' see 'bout yo' stoah," was the negro's reply, uttered in low, guttural tones, which sounded like the growl of a dog.

"All right, Langy; I'll come down. Much obliged," said Mr. Warren.

Langy, having delivered his mission, turned and shuffled out, closely watched by the servant, who feared something would be missing if she relaxed her vigilance for a moment.

"Ugh!" Mrs. Warren shivered with disgust as Langy disappeared, "Why do you keep such a creature in your store, Frank? His very appearance is enough to make people keep away. What was the odd name you called him?"

"Langy," replied her husband, laughing. "Really, Carrie, the fellow is not as bad as he looks. I give him work because no one else will. He comes from the same county in North Carolina that I do, and I suppose that makes a bond of sympathy between us. His original name is 'Language.' His mother having once heard some one speak of 'good language,' and considering that it was something fine, named her youngest accordingly. I'll be back soon."

Mr. Warren did not return as quickly as he anticipated. The fire was of far greater magnitude than he had dreamed of, and he watched its progress, as if swept onward with ungovernable fury, with a sensation of fascination that made it hard to turn away. His own store was far removed from the path of the flames, and he had not the slightest concern about his own property, although deeply moved by the calamities of others.

As a precautionary measure, however, at the solicitation of his friends he took his books and valuable papers from the safe, and then returned home to acquaint his wife with the extent of the conflagration.

To his horror, the next morning, he learned that the wind had shifted during the night, and that not only his own warehouse, with all its contents, was totally destroyed, but that property far beyond his own was also in ruins.

It was a crushing blow to Frank Warren. For nearly twenty-five years he had toiled and struggled for success, throwing all the force and energy of his life into the conflict. He had taken the business at a time when his father, who had previously conducted it, had become embarrassed and by indomitable perseverance and economy he had managed to pay his father's debts and build up a good trade besides.

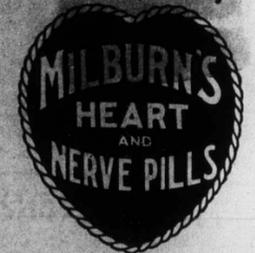
Now, in a few hours, all the work of years was swept away. His building was only partially insured; his spring stock had just arrived, and the insurance on his goods was small in comparison with the value. The machinery would be a total loss, as well as some extensive repairs and alterations that had just been completed.

And now, forty-five years of age, with a family to care for, he was practically ruined, and would have to start life again. True, his credit was good and his customers would stand by him. But where was the youthful energy, the strength of his young manhood, which had brought him to the front in years past and won for him the success he had gained? At the thought of all this, Frank Warren laid his head upon his hands and his strong frame shook with grief as he dwelt upon the possible privations and hardships that might come to those he loved so well.

Why had he not done as others had done, and removed the most valuable of his stock to a place of safety? To lose all and then realize that he

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissue, or watery blood.

might have saved the best part, was maddening.

At this juncture the servant announced that Dr. Jordan wished to see him. Wondering who his visitor could be, Mr. Warren, after washing his face, went to the parlor.

"Is this Mr. Frank Warren?" queried a little, dapper gentleman, rising as Warren entered. Frank bowed affirmatively, and the doctor continued, "I have come, at the request of a poor negro, who is at the city hospital, badly injured by the fire. He cannot last much longer and says he must see you before he dies. Can you come at once?"

When the hospital was reached, Mr. Warren was ushered into the free ward, and there, lying on a cot, was Langy. Bandages were upon his head, one arm was in splints, and the harsh, quick breathing showed the intense suffering he was enduring, yet no moan escaped from the poor fellow, although his face twitched with convulsions of agony that made his body writhe.

Mr. Warren sat down beside the cot, and taking the uninjured hand in his own, said, "I am sorry to find you here. How did you get hurt?"

"Nebber min' 'bout me, boss. I wants to tell yo' somethin'." The words came in short, harsh gasps.

"Yo' nebber t'ink the fah'd come yo' way, but Langy did. So I got out de big wagon and de two black hosses, and I jest kep' a-takin' de stuff out as fas' as I kin. I got six loads out, and wuz on de top floah when de fish come in and I had to git out. Somefin hit me as I wuz gettin' out and I don't know no mo' 'bout dat. De stuff is at my house in Welkim Alley."

The low, harsh voice ceased, and then, with one glance of love for his master, the spirit of poor Langy took its flight.

In Mr. Warren's lot in the cemetery is a simple stone upon which is inscribed:

TO THE MEMORY OF LANGY.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Mysteriousness is the test of spiritual birth. And this was Christ's listeth. Thou hearest the sound thereof, but can't not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the spirit. The test of spirituality is that you cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. If you can tell, if you can account for it on philosophical principles, on the doctrine of influence, on strength of will, on favorable environment, it is not growth. It may be so far a success, it may be perfectly honest, even remarkable and praiseworthy imitation; but it is not the real thing. The fruits are wax, the flowers artificial; you can tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.—Natural Law in the Spiritual Life.

TOO IGNORANT.

As the two sat in the porch after dinner, the school trustees casually called attention to a little orange-colored bug, with black spots on its back, that was crawling on the leaf of a vine close by.

"I s'pose you know what that is," he said.

"Yes," replied the applicant, glad to show his technical knowledge.

"That is a Coccinella septempunctata."

"Young man," said the member of the school board, "a feller that don't know a ladybug when he sees it ain't no my vote fur teacher in this district."

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys— I need hardly ask you having a jolly time, waiting for accounts must be coming. Ha times you can, dear Your happy childhood too quickly. Crowd and kindness you can will only be happy rec the serious years will Your loving

GOOD NIGHT AND GO

A fair little girl sat Sewing as long as her Then smoothed her work it right, "Dear work good-night!"

Such a number of ro her head Crying "Caw, caw!" to bed, She said, as she watch ous flight, "Little black things good-night!"

The horses neighed, a lowed, The sheep's "Bleat, bleat she road, All seeming to say, wi light, Good little girl, good-night.

She did not say to the night!" Though she saw him th of light; For she knew he had G keep All over the world, as sleep.

The tall pink foxglov head; The violets curtled and And good little Lucy die And said, on her knee ite prayer.

And while on her pillon lay, She knew nothing more was day; And all things said to sun, "Good-morning, good-me work is begun."

—Lord 9

BOB STOOD THE

The "blue line" street at the corner and an am young woman put a su side.

"Now, Bob," she said, zied out to the platf "don't lose that note I don't take it out of you all."

"No'm," said the little ing wistfully after his m conductor pulled the str ver unscrewed the br horses, shaking their be off with the car.

"What's your name, Bo a mischievous-looking you ting beside him.

"Robert Cullen," he an "Where are you going?" "To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note pocket."

The look of innocent sur round face ought to have baby's tormentor, but h again. "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert. "See here, if you don't the horses and make away."

The little boy cast an ap look at the belled horses, his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give peach if you'll pull that not out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, b the older people looked an "I say, I'll give you this of peaches if you will just the corner of your note," tempter. The child turne as if he did not wish to h more, but the young man bag and held it just where see and smell the luscious

A look of distress came i sweet little face; I believe afraid to trust himself, an man left his seat on the o to get off the car, the little quickly down, left the temp and him, and climbed into

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys— I need hardly ask if you are all having a jolly time. I am always waiting for accounts which I know must be coming. Have all the good times you can, dear little friends. Your happy childhood days pass only too quickly. Crowd all the pleasure and kindness you can so that there will only be happy recollections when the serious years will have come.

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree, sewing as long as her eyes could see. Then smoothed her work and folded it right. And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed, The sheep's "Bleat, bleat," came over the road, All seeming to say, with a quiet delight, Good little girl, good-night, good-night.

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!" Though she saw him there like a ball of light; For she knew he had God's time to keep All over the world, and never could sleep.

Th' tall pink foxglove bowed his head; The violets curtsied and went to bed; And good little Lucy tied up her hair And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay, She knew nothing more till again it was day; And all things said to the beautiful sun, "Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—Lord Troughton.

BOB STOOD THE TEST.

The "blue line" street-car stopped at the corner and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside. "Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

cant place. A pair of pretty gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face: "Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little boy strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

TOMMY'S DAY IN BED.

"Come, Tommy, wake up now. It is time to have your breakfast and get ready for school," called mamma. Tommy squeezed his eyes so tight together that they almost hurt and puckered his face all up in an effort to look unconscious and made no answer.

The baby was crying lustily for her milk and mamma was so busy getting it ready that she did not notice for a few minutes that Tommy did not answer. Then she went to the bedroom door again, and when Tommy heard her coming he began to breathe in a strenuous and labored manner to show that he was, very sound asleep indeed. Mamma stood still, looking down lovingly at the sturdy little form and tussled yellow hair. Tommy continued to breathe loudly and kept his face screwed up tightly in order to convince mamma that he was sleeping soundly, but soon the silence became more than he could bear, and he opened his eye a little tiny bit to see what mamma was doing, and caught her looking full in his face.

"Oh, mamma, I'm sick. I can't get up and go to that horrid old school," whined Tommy, sticking his fists into his eyes. "Well, for a sick child you seem to be sleeping very peacefully," said mamma. "That was 'cause I was awake all night and never shut my eyes once, and course I have to sleep once in a while," said Tommy unblushingly. "How perfectly dreadful! In that case I think the best thing for you to do is to lie quiet and sleep all day, and I will send a note to your teacher."

Tommy's heart bounded with joy. Did she really mean it? He glanced slyly at her out of one corner of his eye, and when he saw that she looked perfectly calm he was sure that she was in earnest. In order not to show how happy he was he began to write and groan, but stopped suddenly when mamma said: "If you are in such pain, we had better send for Dr. Pillsbury at once and have him give you some medicine."

"Oh, no, mamma," began Tommy in alarm. "I'm sure I'll feel all right—er—no, not all right, of course, but lots better if you will bring me a cup of coffee with lots of cream and sugar in it, and a piece of toast and some jelly and a pouched egg and a cookie and two pieces of fruit cake."

"Why, Thomas Algernon Whitley," said mamma, aghast. "A breakfast like that would kill a horse." "I just s'pose a bushel of oats and a big pail of water'd kill me, but if you want me to starve I will, only when papa was sick you cried 'cause he couldn't eat and said he'd never get well, if he didn't, so I thought I'd force something down just to please you," said Tommy in an adroit voice.

Mamma went out of the room and presently returned with a bowl of oatmeal, plentifully covered with cream and sugar. "I think this will be better for a sick boy," she said. After Tommy had eaten it all and scraped the bowl with his spoon mamma pulled down the shades and went out, closing the door softly, and Tommy cuddled down under the covers with a long sigh of perfect content.

thought how they would envy him if they only knew. He heard baby's little pattering feet come to the door, and she tried to open it, but mamma hurried after her. "No, no, darling, you mustn't go in there. Your brother is sick, and we must let him rest."

"She won't stub me, mamma. Let her come in while you wash the dishes," said Tommy generously. "Oh, no, dear. You must lie still and rest." So she shut the door and all was quiet again. After hours and hours Tommy was sure it must be almost night, so he went to the door and said, "Has papa come home yet, mamma?" "Whatever put that idea into your head. It is only ten o'clock. Go back to bed and try and sleep."

Tommy crept back and tossed restlessly from one side of the bed to the other. Then he began to see faces and animals in the figures on the wall paper, and pretty soon they all rushed toward the bed and he fought them and drove them back. Then after a long while he rubbed his eyes and knew he had been asleep and dreaming.

He went to the door and said: "Mamma, I think the bed is getting tired of me. Shall I sit up awhile and let it rest?" But mamma laughed and told him beds couldn't get tired, and sent him back again. Then he must have gone to sleep again, for he thought the bed really did get tired of him, and it gave a bound and threw him right out on the floor. His head struck against the chair and he began to cry, and mamma came in and helped him back and wet a cloth in cold water and laid it on his head.

When mamma was rocking the baby to sleep she heard a deep sigh and, looking around, she saw a forlorn little figure in pink pyjamas at her side, and he said, trying to smile hopefully, "Don't you think it would make me feel stronger if I went out doors and took some exercise, mamma?" It cost mamma an effort to say firmly: "No, indeed. A boy who is too sick to go to school is too sick to play."

It turned out to be the longest day Tommy had ever known, longer than all the other days of his life put together, but people say that the very longest days come to an end some time, and this one finally did. The next day one little boy reached the schoolhouse ahead of the others. His face was very bright and shining from a copious application of soap and water, and his hair was brushed until it could never get mussed up again. When the roll was called he answered to the name of Thomas Algernon Whitley.

THE WARNING OF THE BIRDS.

The death of Archduke Joseph, of Hungary, recalls a story which, though often repeated, may be new to some of our young folks. During the war which he waged with Prussia, his troops had on one occasion encamped on the outskirts of a forest, and had lain down for the night, when one of the sentries sent word to the Archduke that a soldier insisted on speaking with him. When admitted, the man proved to be a gipsy of whose people the good Archduke had been a warm friend and benefactor. The soldier hastily warned him, in gipsy dialect, that the enemy was stealing upon the camp.

"How can you know this?" asked the Archduke. "The outposts have given no warning." "Because they see nothing," returned the gipsy. "But remark the flocks of birds on the wing, all flying South. Birds do not fly at night unless something disturbs them. Nothing but the passage of some great body through the woods—for there is no fire—could cause them to desert in such numbers."

"It is well, my son. We will see to it," said the Archduke; and he roused the camp and got everything in readiness. An hour later began the engagement with the hostile forces that had meant to surprise the camp.—Ave Maria.



Slack Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Laxative Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

clothes betokened his identity with the same class of people as that to which the wee maiden belonged, approached, carrying a gallon of kerosene oil in one hand and a small, light brown paper package in the other.

His mouth was very full and he looked radiantly happy as he rolled the contents of it from one side to the other. Suddenly his eyes rested upon the forlorn object wedged into the fence-corner. He set down the kerosene oil can and proceeded to undo his paper package. He took therefrom a piece of candy, about one-third the contents of the package, and handed it without a word to the tiny girl.

THE BIRDS NOT CAUGHT. A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said; "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and," as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went out and kicked the traps all to pieces."

MASS ON THE SUMMIT OF CROAGH PATRICK.

It may not be generally known that a Catholic church is being erected on the summit of Croagh-Patrick—that lofty Irish mountain on which St. Patrick prayed for the perseverance of the children of Erin. The church is not a large one, but the incredible labor of conveying materials up so steep a mountain has more than trebled the ordinary expense. No man who has not climbed or has failed to climb this rugged cone can appreciate the effort to carry up even one stone weight of cement. And yet the whole church—foundation, walls, and roof—is of concrete, and every stone of cement, every gallon of water, every shovel of sand, is carried, little by little, slowly up the mountain.

When the project was first spoken of, the nature of the undertaking might easily have been inferred from the remarks of the old men who used to point up to the cloud-capped peak and say, "When a chapel is built on the top of that, there will be eight wonders in the world."

Early in the spring of the present year the work was commenced, and it has gone on so rapidly that it is now nearing completion. The workmen sleep on the summit at night, come down on Saturday evening, and make the ascent again after Mass on Sunday. Their patient endurance is beyond all praise. On that lonely peak, high above the surrounding mountains, they toil among the clouds, and when the day's hard work is done, they retire into little canvas tents to rest their weary limbs. They expected to encounter rain and storm and thunder and lightning—and they have not been disappointed. Indeed it would make an interesting volume to recount their strange experiences.

God has given to occupation the mission of the north wind—that of purifying the miasma of the heart, as the wind purifies the miasma of the atmosphere.—Golden Sands.

GIANT TORTOISE 800 YEARS OLD IS WORTH A FORTUNE.

Captain I. F. Shurtleff, of the United States collier Nero, which has just returned to this port from coaling the South Pacific squadron, brought with him a curiosity probably exceeding in value and rarity anything of its kind ever seen in this country, and specimens of which are possessed by only a few of the larger museums of Europe. It is a gigantic land turtle, or tortoise, from one of the Galapagos group of islands, which lie in the South Pacific, right under the equator, and are dependencies of Ecuador.

The tortoise was presented to Captain Shurtleff by the governor of one of the islands of this group. It measures about two feet across the back, weighs 75 pounds, is supposed to be 800 years old, and is valued at \$5000. As captain of a naval collier Captain Shurtleff recently had occasion to visit this group of islands, which are out of the line of regular travel, but the regular meeting place of the ships of the South Pacific squadron and the colliers which supply them with coal. Having heard of this species of tortoise and its rarity, Captain Shurtleff made up his mind to procure one of them, and while waiting for the ships of the squadron to reach the rendezvous made several attempts to capture a specimen. In this he was not given much encouragement by the governor of the island, who told him that the species was practically extinct, and that he had not heard of a specimen being captured on that island for over twelve years.

In spite of this, however, a party of the ship's crew went into the interior on a hunt for one. The trip lasted for several days and the hunting party ran out of water and came very near perishing of thirst, before they returned to the ship without having seen a sign of a tortoise. Just before the departure of the ship, however, the governor heard that one had been captured in the interior, and sent up and purchased it and presented it to the captain.

The species of tortoise to which this specimen belongs is found only in the islands of the Galapagos and Mascarene groups, in the Southern Pacific. Until recent years these islands were not inhabited by man or any form of mammalian life. Consequently the tortoise, which abounded there, and which are known for their extraordinary longevity, sometimes reaching the age of 1000 years, grew to be exceedingly large. When the islands were finally visited by man and the size and abundance of the reptiles, the meat of which was found to be exceedingly palatable, observed and reported, it became the usual thing for ships passing anywhere in the neighborhood of them to go out of their way to visit the islands and secure a quantity.

Each reptile would furnish from 75 to 300 pounds of excellent meat, could be kept alive for months in the hold of the ship without food and served to vary the monotony of the salted diet which ordinarily falls to the lot of the sailor. After the islands were settled by man the capture and shipment of these tortoises became a regular industry, with the result that the species has become practically extinct. Just how rare and near to extinction the species is can be judged from the fact that about a year ago the Rothschilds, fitted out an expedition for the express purpose of securing, if possible, one or more of these tortoises. The expedition was sent to the Galapagos group and succeeded in securing four specimens, the cost of the undertaking amounting to something over \$50,000.

Just what disposition Captain Shurtleff will finally make of this specimen is not known. It was reported that he would offer it to the city, to be placed in the city park.—Norfolk, Va., Correspondent of the Baltimore Herald.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AND THE SHORT STORY.

Robert Morris Lovett, writing of "The Beginning of the Short Story in America," in that extremely interesting department of The Reader Magazine, "The Reader's Study," says: "It is perhaps a bit of over-exuberant patriotism to call Poe the inventor of the short story. Yet surely he first recognized the form as having an independent existence, and as possessing certain advantages which the novel has not, notably that of 'totality.' In the brief tale the author is enabled to carry out the fullness of his intention. . . . During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control."

FATHER KENNY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR NERVOUS DISORDERS AND A COMPLETE CURE FOR NEURALGIA. POOR GET THIS MEDICINE FROM THE NEAREST DRUGGIST. KENNEDY MED. CO. 100 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle. 10c per 1/2 doz.

These sentences from Poe's review of Hawthorne's Tales are followed by some remarks on the technique of the short story which might have served as a hand-book for all the masters of the craft—Marine, Bret Harte, Maupassant and Kipling. Having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he (the author) then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his initial sentence tend not to the outlining of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design.

"To this ideal Poe remained, from his first story to his last, extraordinarily faithful. His methods of securing unity and a cumulative effect have often been noted. In the stories of death it is the persistence of a single mood on the part of the hero, a mood that, connecting itself with some circumstance—a physical detail, like the teeth of Berenice, a human relation like the passionate love of Ligeia, a name, even, as in 'Morella,' or a background, as in 'The Fall of the House of Usher,'—becomes so absorbing that the reader is drawn under its spell for fifteen or twenty minutes, or half an hour,—for as long, indeed, as Poe calculates that his magic will last. This same unity characterizes the tales of conscience, in which again the mood gathers about a circumstance,—the hero's double in 'William Wilson,' or the black cat, in the story of that name,—and is made to recur mechanically by the recurrence of the inciting cause. In the stories of adventure, physical or psychic, unity exists by virtue of a single episode, and in the detective stories, by virtue of the single thread of reasoning which connects a multitude of circumstances with the central fact."

"And yet, with all his artistic seriousness we do not, many of us, take Poe seriously. Applaud his cleverness as we may, we can not avoid a feeling that it is used for unworthy ends. We classify him with the mountebanks, the conjurers, the hypnotists—in short, with the fakirs; for, like them, his eye is always upon his audience, and he speculates upon our capacity for illusion. His art, we come to understand, is an art entirely of deception; his triumph is entirely at our expense. If there is any sincerity of emotion connected with his stories, it is we who supply it; he merely sets up the mechanism that gives us the shock. In Poe the later art of romanticism comes near to defeating itself by the very exactness of its methods, for with him the romance, instead of being a mode of spiritual expansion, becomes a matter of mental calculation, of mathematics.

"Poe had undoubtedly a large influence on succeeding story-writers, American, English and French. His influence has been the wider because his tales of cleverness really belong to no country or race. As in the case of Scribner, the international French dramatist, what was significant in his work, his technique, could be transported anywhere, would pass current among all nations, and could be counterfeited by any man of industry. Of things more difficult of transmission and assimilation,—of national or local realism, of criticism of life,—he has nothing. His characters are automata, his stories take place nowhere or anywhere; he has no ethical outlook. He is thus significant as an international writer rather than as the founder of the American school of fiction. That school, for its distinctive qualities, looks back to Hawthorne as its originator."

This world of ours is God's flower garden, and every day God sends his gardeners into the world and if they sow the seed of God's kingdom. One day the mysteries of life is disclosed, and our soul sends up a prayer to God. There are those seeds sown that never grow unless some hand reaches out to lead them to God's eternal kingdom. Were I to speak to you the single word of God, it would be love. God is love, for everything that enters into God's benign existence is love.—Rev. L. J. Vaughan.

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfection; to bury his weakness in silence, but to proclaim his virtues on the house-top.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1906.

MR. HAULTAIN AND PARTISANSHIP.

Mr. Haultain, who offered himself in the capacity of a Moses to the Conservative party in the late Ontario bye-election to lead that organization out of the bondage of opposition in which Mr. Borden solaces himself with a salary of \$10,000 a year, has risen again to enlighten the country. This time it is with regard to the principles and usages of party organization with particular reference to party lines in the Provinces and Dominion. It is quite true that party lines have hitherto been ignored in the Northwest Territories. Thus did Mr. Haultain, an avowed adherent and leader of the Conservative party for Dominion purposes, receive the support of Conservatives and Liberals equally in his capacity of territorial politician; and it is not unlikely that had he contented himself with consistency and intelligence in that role, the new provinces would have come into existence without any call for party organization. But Mr. Haultain, in the face of his declaration within the Assembly and at political conventions, came down to Ontario recently to make the territorial school question a pillar of fire for the Dominion Conservatives to follow to victory. And Mr. Haultain is loftily indignant to-day because the Liberals of Saskatchewan have taken him at his word and act and have accepted his challenge to let the old non-partisan understanding go out of existence as the direct consequence of the violation that understanding suffered at his own hands.

Mr. Haultain would like to be a Conservative when he pleases and a non-partisan whenever it suits his political calculations. In the same way he insists now that the matter of education is purely a local question; but it was he who made it an Ontario question when he declared that if was the sole issue of the bye-elections in London and North Oxford. If Mr. Haultain takes the ground that the territorial school question was properly an issue for the other Provinces before the passing of the Autonomy Bills, but became essentially a Provincial question the moment the bills became law we are afraid that he is depending too much upon a lawyer's technicality and that he will have great difficulty in persuading the Liberals of Saskatchewan to look at the matter in the same light. At all events the drawing of political lines is his own doing, and he cannot escape the consequences of his deliberate action. He only shows his weakness when he throws himself upon the mercy of his personal friends, and declares that he will stand for non-party government regardless of what any political party or both political parties may decide. It is a fine profession for

Mr. Haultain to make when he says: "To me the welfare and interests of this great western country are, and always have been more important than the success or convenience of any political party, and if that statement should be questioned I will refer to a public career of nearly eighteen years in these Territories during which I have guarded their interests, done their work, and fought for their rights as honestly, capably and courageously as I know how."

But the man has already been tried and tested. The weakness of his character has been displayed so unmistakably that he can never again hope to regain the confidence of the Liberals of Saskatchewan. He abused it too deliberately for the chance of advancing Dominion Conservative chances.

STANDARD BEARER OF THE CHURCH.

The brave days of old are recalled by the veteran Rome correspondent, Mr. L. P. Connellan, in writing of the death of the Marquis Francesco Patrizi-Montoro, Standard-bearer of Holy Church, at the age of 79 years. He belonged to an ancient and a noble family. One of his uncles was His Eminence Cardinal Constantino Patrizi, for many years Cardinal-Vicar of Rome in the time of Pius IX. The late Marquis Patrizi was one of those excellent and upright men such as Papal Rome has frequently known, whose lives were an example and an influence for good. "Heart of gold, will of iron," is what has been said of him. His fidelity to the Church and the cause of the Pontiff was hereditary in his family and was exemplified in him.

The title of Standard-bearer of Holy Church he inherited from his ancestors. The origin of this glorious office is most ancient; and it is believed that the Pontiff St. Leo III. sent the Standard of the Church in 796 to Charlemagne. At later dates the Popes continued to send to Princes the standard of St. Peter, after it had been blessed by them and especially when such Princes were in warfare against the infidels.

Pope Boniface VIII. after having invested James II, King of Aragon, with the Kingdoms of Sarberia and Corsica, sent him the Standard of the Church, when he was preparing for an expedition to the Holy Land, and nominated him by the Bull ad redemptionem mundi, Standard-bearer, supreme head of the troops and defender of the Church. And so it went on from time to time; one Sovereign after another for some great service was rewarded with this distinguished honor.

Although this distinction had originally an absolutely military character, the Popes maintained it even in times of peace. Urban VIII. granted this title successively to the Cardinal Legates, Carlo Barberini, and to the Duke of Guadagnolo Torquato Conti. On the death of this last the Pope nominated as Gonfaloniere or Standard-bearer the Marquis G. B. Naro, and since that time the charge remained hereditary in this family, in which the male branch is united to the Patrizis. And in 1856 the charge was confirmed hereditary in the house of Naro Patrizi Montoro. Since the Italian invasion of Rome in 1870 the Standard of the Church has not been seen in public.

THE RELIEF OF DERRY.

They have been celebrating the "Relief of Derry" in the North of Ireland and in Ontario. At Londonderry the law-abiding Orange lancers wrecked twenty houses and stoned their common enemies, the police and the Catholics. It was a record celebration, or as the cable despatch puts it, "the worst for many years." At Hamilton, in Ontario, Dr. Sproule intimated that if the brethren had their own way here as they are allowed to have at Londonderry and Portadown, Mgr. Sbarretti would not long be a resident of Ottawa; whilst another Supreme Grand Master, Dr. Henry Hull, who came from Boston, said if the Orangemen

there were naturalized American citizens "Pat Collins would not be Mayor of Boston."

So the final conclusion is that the brethren are nowhere happy, neither in the North of Ireland, where they have their own way, nor on this side of the Atlantic, where they haven't. It's too bad.

Why they celebrate the Relief of Derry is strange, too. Judging from the cabled reports Derry stands more in need of relief to-day than ever.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CHAPPELLE.

The news of Archbishop Chappelle's death from yellow fever, which we published last week, has awakened the keenest sorrow and sympathy in the hearts of the Catholic millions of the United States, and this sorrow is by no means confined to American hearts. The great Archbishop died like a soldier of the cross, and as the editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, who knew his virtues and his greatness, says of him, "he stuck to the post of danger. He might have saved himself by staying away from the plague stricken city. He was making a confirmation tour through Louisiana when New Orleans was called upon to face the grim spectre, which it has so often faced in the past. It would have been easy for him to have prolonged his tour until all danger was passed. But evidently he considered that his doing so would have been shirking a duty to the flock entrusted to his spiritual charge. He, therefore, hastened to return to New Orleans, where he arrived on Saturday. On the following Friday the city was stricken. When the news reached Rome the Holy Father, through the Cardinal Secretary of State, hastened to express his sympathy." Here is Cardinal Merry del Val's despatch: "The Holy Father deplors your sickness. In wishing you a speedy recovery, he sends you his Apostolic blessing."

"CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL," "Papal Secretary of State."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The London Tablet understands that owing to considerations of health, Monsignor John Vaughan has been obliged to abandon his hope of becoming permanently attached to the Carthusian community at Lucca.

It seems to be true in a sense still that John Bull has not yet discovered Canada. Mgr. Count Vay de Vaya, who was in this country recently, was interviewed on his return to England by the London newspapers. It is hard to believe that not one of them thought of asking him a single question about Canada. They had columns to spare for his impressions of the United States.

Mr. John Redmond has received the following cable from Sydney from Mr. Wm. Redmond, M.P.: "Authorized by vast meeting, City Hall, presided over by Cardinal Moran, to send greeting to Party, and promise support. Resolution for Home Rule adopted. One thousand pounds subscribed; one thousand more guaranteed." Mr. Wm. Redmond, whose exertions on behalf of the cause during his health trip to Australia has borne such excellent fruit, sailed for San Francisco on the 1st of August on his way home.

The French Government would seem to have killed a goose that laid golden eggs only for the State. Whilst it is true that the despoiling and robbing of the religious orders has brought in some money, that money, the deluded public are finding out, is not going as the Socialists promised, to workmen's pension funds, and so on, but into the pockets of the official liquidators and their legion of lawyers and process-servers. As we would put it on this side of the Atlantic, there was not enough graft for the grafters, and the lawyers are the only gainers.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Archbishop of Adelaide, Australia, has been received in special audience by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X. The Holy Father was deeply interested in the progress made by the Church in recent years in Australia, and especially in the diocese over which the Archbishop so worthily presides. He also expressed a keen interest in the education of Catholics in the Archbishop's diocese. He also expressed his grateful thanks for the Peter's Pence (12,500 francs) contributed by the people, and he sent a special blessing to all the clergy and people of the diocese.

The Duchesse de Gramont, who has just died, was a Catholic Rothschild. Born a Jewess, her father being Charles Rothschild, head of the firm in Frankfurt, and her mother, Louisa Rothschild, of the London branch, she married in 1873 the Duc de Gramont, then a widower. The Duke belongs to one of the oldest families in France, one whose prestige is not lost even in the Republic. It is related by marriage to the Orleans family, and also to the family of Cardinal de Richelieu. The Duchess who has just died is claimed to have been a most devout Catholic. At any rate she was devoted to her children, and a great benefactress of the poor and the struggling.

The Marquis MacSwiney, Private Chamberlain of His Holiness, has just presented to the Holy Father, on the part of Dr. Ferreira da Costa, Minister of Brazil to the Court of Russia, an artistically bound copy of "The Triumphs" (I Trionfi) of the poet Petrarch, Dr. da Costa was Brazilian Minister in Rome to the Holy See for several years, and recently, at his own expense, he has had an edition, completely reproduced by the photographer Danesi, of the magnificent manuscript on parchment, which he possesses, and which contains the "Sonnets," the "Canzoni," and the "Triumphs" of Messer Francesco Petrarca. This manuscript, which consists of 356 pages, belonged to the Orsini family, and is most precious. Its present reproduction has been described by the scholar and bibliophile, M. Pierre Nolhae, as "the most sumptuous which the Petrarch Centenary, held last year, has consecrated to the memory of the great poet." The first copy of this complete and perfect work, magnificently bound, is that which has now been presented to the Sovereign Pontiff.

One of the Unionist organs in London the other day wrote on top of its political leader the words "Exit Unionism," and indeed the pillars seem to be dropping away from the fabric. The Catholic Times notes an article from the pen of Sir West Ridgway which appears in the current issue of the Nineteenth Century and calls it a frank confession of faith from an ex-Under Secretary for Ireland who went to Dublin Castle as a Unionist. His experience soon taught him (1) that a gulf yawned between the people and the Government, (2) that the extreme Unionists did much to preserve that gulf by sternly opposing all ameliorative measures, and (3) that the extreme Unionists are manipulated by the Dublin Castle lawyers for their own purposes. It is the lawyers, he declares, who have been arousing and keeping alive the agitation against Sir Antony McDonnell. Sir Antony committed the unpardonable sin when he struggled against their omnipotence. Sir West Ridgway most heartily approves of his action, stating that the Castle lawyers are saturated with the traditions and steeped in all the prejudices of the ancient regime, and that the influence which they exercise in political matters upon the Chief Secretary or Under Secretary fresh from England is not always elevating. According to Sir West Ridgway, Mr. Chamberlain is the real author of Devolution; so that Mr. Balfour not only sacrificed Mr. Wyndham, but delivered a blow at the author of the policy of fiscal reform.

Our own and only Dr. Osler has been heard of again. The doctor is now Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, and has recently been advising everyone to read in bed for half an hour before going to sleep. His idea is that such a habit quiets the mind and serves as a convenient intermediary between the labors of the evening and sleep. The British Medical Journal has just given its opinion on the subject. "The bedside book," it writes, "must not be heavy, either in the figurative or literal sense. It should also keep open without calling for special vigilance on the part of the reader. Some of our popular magazines, which otherwise would be boons to the recumbent reader, carry such a load of advertisements and are withal so clumsily stitched that the literary matter cannot be read without an uncomfortable amount of muscular exertion. When reading is deliberately used as a means of wooing sleep, graver forms of literature may be chosen. On the whole, we think poetry of the sublime order the best for the purpose. We have ourselves found Milton especially useful, but almost any epic may be recommended with tolerable confidence. Sir Henry Holland found the sonnet, in whatever language written, the most effective soporific. He had a large provision of Dante always at hand for that purpose, but he found it easier and more luxurious to steal into slumber through a sonnet of Petrarch or the stanzas of Ariosto and Tasso. The great church historian Dollinger, in his old age, learnt by heart three books of Homer for use in the same way."

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. H. Kearney is enjoying a holiday at Tadoussac. Hon. H. J. Cloran and family are at present at Cacoma. Dr. T. W. O'Connell has left for a trip to St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, is in Ottawa, the guest of Archbishop Duhamel. Miss Sarah McKenna, of Cote des Neiges, is spending a few days at Ste. Rose. Rev. Father Silke, of the Diocese of Rochester, N.Y., is a guest at St. Anthony's Presbytery. Mr. Camille Piche, M.P., and family are spending a few days at Quebec and ports in the Lower St. Lawrence. Hon. Senator Sullivan, M.D., and Mrs. Sullivan, Kingston, Ont., have left for a trip to Newfoundland by the steamer Bonavista.

ITALY AND THE PAPAL POLICY.

Rome, July 31.—The Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius X. on Catholic action in regard to future elections to the Chamber of Deputies has given rise to many appreciations. That was to be expected. The prospect that such a document hinted of for the future in the newly-created relations between the Pontiff and the Italian State, and the probability that in a more or less distant future a Central Party resembling that of Germany might be created, were quite enough to set people seriously thinking of the Pope's letter. One of the most interesting and sympathetic appreciations of this most important Encyclical is that given by the learned Cardinal Capelatro, Archbishop of Capua, in an interview with a correspondent of the Giornale d'Italia. The Cardinal, while admitting that the question was one of a conditional revocation of the "non expedit" prohibition of voting, said that it could not be denied that the Catholics of Italy were in presence of a notable change. Nor is such a change to be wondered at, because the prohibition did not constitute an absolute percept, but one that was conditional on the circumstances and exigencies of the times. Speaking of the great impression produced by this Encyclical of the Pope, the Cardinal said that after the late political elections the change was to be foreseen. "I will say, furthermore," said the Cardinal, "that Leo XIII. also, interrogated on the non expedit and upon the possibility of its revocation, on several occasions replied: 'Our successor will think of it.' Naturally, after the justifiable intervention of many Catholics at the polling booths on occasion of the recent political elections, there was a still stronger need

felt of giving, in this question, some more or less determinate rules or directions, which have been received with very great delight."

The Papal Encyclical, according to the Cardinal, is a document of remarkable wisdom, and to understand it well and to follow it, it is necessary to harmonize it thoroughly with the whole programme of the Pontiff—a programme dominated by that high conception and intention comprised in the old Biblical motto: "To restore all things in Christ."

"By this supreme principle all the reforms of the Pontiff are inspired, and, keeping in mind such a principle, one should judge of the dispositions regarding the 'non expedit' which also have a religious more than a political object.

"The thought of His Holiness is exactly that of binding the civil with the religious elements, bringing about from this conjunction that a spontaneous and profound religious sentiment may spring up, which is the first element of civilization."

The Cardinal then dwelt on the unifying and bringing into order of all living Catholic forces contemplated in the Encyclical, and uniting them with the supreme and most noble aim of contending for the real interests of religion and of the country. Evidently, continued the Cardinal, a Catholic party will be gradually formed according as the social needs will require, and electoral organizations will be constituted.

"The Catholics will go to Parliament," said the Cardinal, "not to bring into it the word of rebellion and of discord in homage to old parties; but rather to encourage and promote courageously all that which may be of advantage to the real well-being of the people and to the true prosperity of the country.

"In them the love of religion and the love of country cannot but palpitate in unison, and their programme will naturally be founded on the fair harmony of these most sacred ideals, illuminated at all times by the idea of justice and of liberty.

Assuredly the Catholic duties will leave nothing undone, with all just and legal means, to prevent evil by opposing it with all their efforts. If to-morrow, for example, there was presented again this Bill for the institution of divorce their word and action would be living and active against it."

He concluded by suggesting that future developments should be left to time, and that the people should hope in Divine Providence for the outcome of the new movement.

THE CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Among the educational institutions in Canada organized and conducted as a private enterprise, and providing special courses of training for young men and women, it is evident that the Central Business College of Toronto occupies a leading place. From the records of the school placed at our disposal we find this College was organized by its principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, in August, 1892, just thirteen years ago. It began operations in a modest way, enrolling during its first year but one hundred and fifty-five students, who were cared for by a staff of three teachers. Now we find an annual enrollment of twelve hundred and forty-three students, and a staff of twenty-three members.

This remarkable growth can be attributed more largely to the modern methods which prevail in this school, to the thoroughness which characterizes the work of every department, and to the constant endeavor of the Principal and every member of the staff to see that all students receive such careful personal supervision in their studies as to best ensure good results, than to any other causes.

The total number of students who have passed through this College, leaving their names on its register, is now above the eight thousand mark, and with this force of representatives scattered throughout the various provinces of the Dominion, aiding in the conduct of commercial and industrial enterprises of our country, sounding their friends to enjoy the training which gave them a successful start, it is not surprising to find this school the strong, well-equipped, well organized institution that it is to-day.

The College is in session throughout the year, and is meeting with great success in locating its graduates in good positions the moment they are ready for appointments. The records show very many calls from business firms which could not be supplied for lack of material.

The Fall session opens Sept. 5th, and any one interested in business training should write the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, for a copy of his handsome catalogue.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ANNUAL RETREAT. The annual retreat for the Archdiocese opened evening at eight o'clock. Archbishop Bruschi was in attendance.

TO RECEIVE A STATE FUNERAL. Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C., died lately at London, England, and was buried at St. John's, with public honors. His remains will arrive on the 18th inst.

PILGRIMAGE TO POINT TREMBLES.

A pilgrimage to the shrine of Pointe aux Trembles is being organized for to-morrow, Friday, the auspices of the Fathers, Blessed Sacrament, Rev. Thomas Heffernan, of St. Amand, will preach.

GENEROSITY TO ST. PAUL'S ORPHANS.

At the annual outing of Patrick's orphans and St. Paul's aged people on the Shamrock-croose grounds, on August 12th, the kindness of Mr. P. A. Mill, Andre street, in furnishing soft drinks should not be overlooked. He has done this for a number of years, and when questioned of donating to charity Mr. Milloy is never backward.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' PILGRIMAGE.

The annual pilgrimage of the Catholic Sailors' Club to Calvary Cemetery took place Sunday afternoon, when hundreds and fifty sailors to the graves of those who have fallen in the fight after bravely braved the elements of the mighty deep, and a memorial prayer was said, and a memorial placed over the grave, after which the prayer book was recited. Those who sleep their last sleep in a land far away from relatives and friends, still their graves green, their memories fresh, not forgotten by that noblest of professions, the Catholic Sailors' Club.

MONTH'S MIND FOR THE MONTH.

REV. F. M. DEVIN. A month's mind for the month of August, late pastor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, who passed away at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, was celebrated in his parish on Friday, the 11th inst. Rev. Father Devine completed his theological course in the Gregorian in '81, and received his priestly ordination some two years later. A prudent worker, he has his credit two churches, two schools, well equipped, people whose piety marks them as the Rev. Father took them seek first the kingdom of God and His justice. His circle of acquaintances mourn his demise.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Rev. Father Smith Vaudry, Chicago Archdiocese, celebrated Mass at St. Patrick's Church Sunday. The rev. gentlemen participating in volume form a series of articles which have been appearing in the New York Freeman's Journal, and are well known to the readers of the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Father Vaudry will preside at the high Mass. Right Rev. Monsignor LaRocque, Buffalo diocese, eminent educator, musician and orator, was a guest at St. Anthony's Presbytery during the week. Rev. Father Lanigan is a man of appearance, charming manners, and with this force of representatives scattered throughout the various provinces of the Dominion, aiding in the conduct of commercial and industrial enterprises of our country, sounding their friends to enjoy the training which gave them a successful start, it is not surprising to find this school the strong, well-equipped, well organized institution that it is to-day.

A SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.

A sad drowning accident at Shawbridge on Saturday evening, when Mr. Henry McCutcheon, who had been celebrating his holidays at Ste. Agathe, had just graduated from St. Louis College, with his uncle, Mr. F. P. DeLoe, of the Montreal Brewing Co., St. Denis street, and his brother, Mr. H. Vogel, 139 L'Assommoir street, were paddling down the river. The boat was overturned, and the three men were thrown into the water. Mr. McCutcheon was rescued, but the other two were not seen again.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ANNUAL RETREAT. The annual retreat for the clergy of the Archdiocese opened on Sunday evening at eight o'clock. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was in attendance.

TO RECEIVE A STATE FUNERAL. Sir Ambrose Shea, K.C.M.G. who died lately at London, England, will be buried at St. John's, Newfoundland, with public honors. The remains will arrive on the 20th of this month.

PILGRIMAGE TO POINTE AUX TREMBLES. A pilgrimage to the shrine of Pointe aux Trembles is being organized for tomorrow, Friday, under the auspices of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, will preach.

GENEROSITY TO ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANS. At the annual outing of the St. Patrick's orphans and St. Bridget's aged people on the Shamrock lacrosse grounds, on August 3rd, the kindness of Mr. P. A. Milloy, St. Andre street, in furnishing all the soft drinks should not be overlooked. He has done this for a great number of years, and when there is a question of donating to a parish charity Mr. Milloy is never behind.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' PILGRIMAGE. The annual pilgrimage of the Catholic Sailors' Club to Cote des Neiges Cemetery took place on last Sunday afternoon, when over one hundred and fifty sailors took part. The graves of those who had fallen in the fight after braving the elements of the mighty deep were visited, and a memorial placed on each grave, after which the prayers for the dead were recited. Though they sleep their last sleep in a strange land far away from relatives and friends, still their graves are kept green, their memories fresh, and are not forgotten by that noble institution, the Catholic Sailors' Club.

MONTH'S MIND FOR THE LATE REV. F. M. DEVINE. A month's mind for the Rev. F. M. Devine, late pastor of Osceola, diocese of Pembroke, who passed away at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, of this city, was celebrated in his parish on Friday, the 11th inst. Rev. Father Devine completed his theological course in the Grand Seminary in '81, and received his appointment as parish priest of Osceola some two years later. A zealous and prudent worker, he has left to his credit two churches, two separate schools, well equipped, and a people whose piety marks the greatest care the Rev. Father took to make them seek first the kingdom of God and His justice. His circle of friends and acquaintances mourn his early demise.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS. Rev. Father Smith Vaudry, of the Chicago Archdiocese, celebrated high Mass at St. Patrick's Church last Sunday. The rev. gentleman is preparing in volume form a series of articles which have been appearing in the New York Freeman's Journal. He is residing pro tem with the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. Father Smith Vaudry will preach next Sunday at high Mass. Right Rev. Monsignor Lanigan, of the Buffalo diocese, eminent as an educationist, musician and pulpit orator, was a guest at St. Patrick's Presbytery during the week. Monsignor Lanigan is a man of imposing appearance, charming manners, and is the pride and delight of all those who know him. He will spend some days at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

A SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT. A sad drowning accident occurred at Shawbridge on Saturday, the victim being Mr. Henry McCutcheon, 20 years of age, who had been spending his holidays at Ste. Agathe. Mr. McCutcheon had just graduated from Mount St. Louis College. He lived with his uncle, Mr. F. Pagnouette, of the Montreal Brewing Co., at 335 St. Denis street, and had started with Herbert Vogel, 139 Laval avenue, to paddle down the river from Shawbridge to Lesage, being accompanied by the Misses Edith and Eugenie Levy, of Laval avenue. As they returned with the canoe up the rapids, it struck a rock and Mr. McCutcheon, in attempting to shove it off, upset it, both young men being thrown into the water,

which at this point was only three feet deep. They started to shove the canoe up the rapids, but suddenly came to a shelf of rock, and stepping over it found themselves in 20 or 30 feet of water. Mr. McCutcheon was not able to swim, and sank before assistance reached him. The funeral took place Tuesday morning at 8.15 o'clock from 335 St. Denis street to St. James Church and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. A large number of the students of Mount St. Louis College where the deceased was a popular student, were in attendance. R.I.P.

IRISH GUARDS BAND. The famous Irish Guards Band, which comes to the Arena for four concerts on Saturday and Monday, August 26th and 28th, will arrive in Montreal by the Allan Line S.S. Victorian on Friday, August 25th, and will be met at the wharf by several city bands and escorted to their hotel, the line of march being by way of Common street to McGill, along St. James and up Windsor. Speaking of a recent visit of the band to Plymouth, the Western News says: "His Majesty's Irish Guards Band received an enthusiastic welcome on the Promenade Pier yesterday afternoon and evening, the pavilion being particularly filled in the evening, and encores being insistent and frequent. The gallant Hibernian corps possesses a fine band, and the talented conductor, Mr. C. H. Hassell, wields his baton with a quiet ease that is very effective. The wood, wind and brass are particularly rich in quality, and the crisp roll of drum noticeable in some pieces is exhilarating. The evening programme included some grand selections calculated to show the best qualities of the band. The tidal music from "Lohengrin" was magnificently rendered, the recurring melody being interpreted with a rare sweetness. Tschalkowsky's wonderful overture, "Solonelle" was the triumph of the evening, the marvellous descriptive music, with such vivid orchestral effects, being done the fullest justice, especially in the grand finale where joy bells ring out against the strains of the Russian Anthem, descriptive of the retreat from Moscow. This was persistently re-demanded. The Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 delighted the audience, and amongst the lighter gayer music a military patrol and a dainty "Valse Lament" were crisply rendered. The band soloists are crack musicians. Sergt. Hunt's cornet solo "O Dry Those Tears," was greeted with a furore of applause, and in response to an encore he gave "The Flight of Ages." Sergt. Hunt's cornet had a peculiarly rich, sonorous tone, which is as rare as it is wonderful. Sergt. Richards, A.B.C.M., was a perfect master of the piccolo, and was loudly cheered.

PEOPLE OF LOWER PROVINCES SHOULD BE INFORMED OF POSSIBILITIES OF NORTHWEST.

We take the following from an interview with the Daily Witness had with Ald. Ames, M.P., on his return from a driving trip through the Maritime Provinces: "The population of the provinces does not grow. The fisheries are exploited for all they will bear; the lumber business will not grow; the public lands are not too accessible, and certainly not too fertile; and the young people leave, not to join us in another part of Canada, but to go to the United States. "This is the trouble," said Ald. Ames. "In my opinion it would pay us to direct officially, the people of the Maritime Provinces who want to leave, to the Northwest, for at present and for a long time past, some of the brightest of our people there have gone to the United States, whereas, if they had been properly directed, they might have gone to the newer provinces in the Northwest and thus have remained good Canadian citizens. "We get Galicians, Doukhobors, and people of that sort, from Southern Europe, but our best are being lost to us." Archbishop Duhamel will leave for Rome during the second week in October. He will be accompanied by Rev. Father Lombard, P.P., of Alfred. LATE SISTER MARIE DE L'EUCCHARISTE. The late Sister Marie de l'Euchariste was buried on Tuesday from the Convent of the Precious Blood, Notre Dame de Grace. The late sister was a cousin of His Lordship Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke, and foundress of the Convent at Notre Dame de Grace.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Pilgrimage Of St. Ann's Parish.

(Special Staff Correspondence.)

The twenty-fifth annual pilgrimage of St. Ann's parish to Ste. Anne de Beaupre took place on Saturday, August 12th, and was one of the most successful in the history of the parish. Long before the hour advertised for the boat to leave the wharf was lined with people who came to see friends off. At 4.25 the steamer Beaupre cast off from the wharf amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and wishes of a pleasant trip. After about half an hour's sail it was apparent that a storm was imminent. At 5.30 the beads were recited by Rev. Father Strubbe, who allayed all fears. In an hour all was serene again, and the steamer glided peacefully on, sailing at a very rapid rate. After supper some of the pilgrims enjoyed a social chat while others performed their private devotions at the shrine of St. Ann, which had been erected in the cabin and adorned with flowers and lights. At 8 o'clock a decade of the beads was recited, and a sermon preached by Rev. Father Strubbe on the best means of making a pilgrimage. The Rev. Father told the pilgrims to have faith, hope and charity, and St. Ann would shower down on them spiritual and temporal favors. After the sermon confessions were heard, and shortly after tea all retired for the night.

At 3 o'clock Sunday morning the pilgrims were astir, and at 3.30 Rev. Father Flynn celebrated Mass. At four o'clock a second Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Strubbe. A few minutes after five Ste. Anne de Beaupre was reached, and all proceeded to the famous shrine. The pilgrims were welcomed by Rev. Father Wittebolle. Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., St. Ann's, during which holy Communion was given. The choir sang hymns to St. Ann, Prof. Shea presiding at the organ. After the church service breakfast was partaken of, and then the chapel of perpetual adoration, the scala sancta, the well of St. Ann and the chapel of St. Ann were visited and devotions performed. The steady throng of people as they kept moving to and fro, some entering the church, others leaving, with crowds around every place where articles of devotion could be bought, all proclaimed intense faith and devotion. The church at every moment was filled, different pilgrimages were arriving, private masses were being said, the organ's sweet tones were heard, while the large congregation prayed fervently for some spiritual or temporal favor. Here and there were to be seen many infirm persons suffering from some disease, and they too prayed fervently that good St. Ann would cure them. In the chapel of St. Ann the confessionals were besieged with penitents. Non-Catholics entered in large numbers, gazing enquiringly at the different scenes until some one explained to them the many events which were taking place. Their eyes rested on the many votive offerings in gold and silver which rest in a beautiful case in the chapel. Many of them had witnessed the five miracles which had taken place just three or four days previously, they had entered into a new world of faith, and they had longed to see such sights, and the goodness of God had permitted them to witness such acts of His all powerfulness through the intercession of good St. Ann. At ten o'clock, special services were held for St. Ann's pilgrimage. Articles of devotion were blessed, and a sermon was preached by Rev. Father Wittebolle. "St. Ann," said the preacher, "deserves our veneration, our confidence and our love. She deserves our veneration in the first place because she is the mother of the Blessed Virgin, who is the mother of God. She deserves our veneration in the second place because she is the grandmother of Jesus Christ. She deserves our veneration in the third place, because she is an illustrious saint. God always gives grace corresponding to the vocation. St. Ann deserves our confidence on account of being good and powerful. The first Canadians called her 'Good St. Ann' from the beginning. She was really so, because she worked so many miracles for all. She deserves our confidence, because she is the patroness of Canada. She deserves our confidence because she is powerful. The Basilica is nothing but a canticle of thanksgiving for all the benefits received, and the thousands of crutches and precious jewellery are there as tangible tokens of thanksgiving. The memorial church was

ARENA SATURDAY and MONDAY Afternoon and Evening, AUGUST 26th & 28th The King's Favorite Household Band, The Irish Guards. "One of the best in the British Army." - The London Times. "An ideal military band." - Brighton Times. "Unsurpassed in tone and precision." - Pall Mall Gazette. Seats on sale at Star Branch Office, cor. Peel and St. Catherine streets, MONDAY, August 21st. PRICES - Evenings, Reserved Seats 75c and \$1.00, Box Seats \$1.50, Boxes \$8.00, Admission 50c, by Wood Avenue entrance 25c. MATINEES - Admission 25c, Reserved Seats 50c and 75c, Box Seats \$1.00, Boxes \$5.00.

commenced in 1658 and finished in 1661. The donor was cured of rheumatic pains by placing the first three stones on the part afflicted. Then, again, a woman in St. Tite de Caps, bent since 18 months, prayed to St. Ann, and her body was made straight, and she walked as well as ever. From that time people attracted by the fame of miracles, experienced the same benefits. The first miracles inspired people with unbounded confidence, and they received both spiritual and temporal favors. St. Ann deserves our love because she loves her children to whom she was given as a patron and an advocate. We should insure that by loving her also. To show our love, we should read the Annals of Good St. Ann. By reading the glories of St. Ann, we will see the wonders she works in her sanctuary. We should keep in our houses a statue or medal of St. Ann, and we should come to visit her at the shrine. Our love should be a steady one, the reward of which will be particular protection during life and special assistance at the moment of death and eternal happiness in heaven. O, St. Ann, give your blessing to all parents, young people, and all those afflicted. They will promise to have great devotion to you, and to nourish an unbounded confidence in your goodness and power." After the sermon solemn Benediction was imparted, during which St. Ann's choir rendered in magnificent style the following programme:

- 1. Cor. Jesu—Plain Chant. 2. Sanctus ..... Fauconier 3. Ave Maria ..... Owens (Trio) Messrs. Quinn, Murphy and Norris. 4. Tantum Ergo ..... Rossini (Solo—Berge, Mr. W. Murphy). 5. Laudate Dominum ..... Lambillotte Prof. P. J. Shea, Organist.

After Benediction, an American lady sang in fine voice the following hymn: To kneel at thine altar, in faith we draw near, Led onward by Mary, thy daughter, so dear.

Chorus. O Good Saint Anne! we call on thy name, Thy praises loud thy children proclaim. Of old when our fathers touched Canada's shore, They named thee its Patron and Saint evermore. To all who invoke thee thou lendest an ear, Thou soothest the sorrows of all who draw near. Saint Anne we implore thee to list to our prayer, In time of temptation, take us in thy care. In this life obtain for us that which is best, And bring us at length to our heavenly rest. At 11.30 the steamer left Ste. Anne de Beaupre for Quebec. Upon reaching the old historic city of Canada, the Gibraltar of America, the pilgrims visited many places of interest, and took a look at the squadron under the command of Prince Louis of Battenburg, stationed in the harbor. At four o'clock the steamer proceeded on the homeward journey. During the afternoon compline was sung and the beads recited. In the evening at 8 o'clock a sacred concert was given, during which Prof. P. J. Shea's excellent choir received the plaudits of the audience. Solos, trios, quartettes and choruses were rendered with much spirit, showing the master hand that has carefully trained a choir that ranks with the best in our city. Old age and youth listened attentively to the fine programme, and felt proud that good old St. Ann's had a band of singers of whom they could feel proud. On Monday morning at 4.15, a record run, the steamer reached Bonsecours wharf. Rev. Father Flynn was in charge of the pilgrims, assisted by Rev. Fathers Rioux, Strubbe, Brothers Patrick and Leonard, St. Ann's; Placide

Catholic High School. 55 DUROCHER STREET. Re-opening of Classes TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th. Classical, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Boys prepared for McGill, Quebec, R. M. C. and other examinations. A scholarship, donated by Hon. J. J. Curran, J. S. C., is offered to the boy passing the best entrance examination in September. For particulars apply for the present to A. J. HALEY-SANDERS, M.A., Principal, "Blinkbonnie," 724 Sherbrooke street.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

One of the best games of lacrosse this season took place last Saturday afternoon at the Shamrock lacrosse grounds, the contesting clubs being Shamrocks and Points. About five hundred spectators were present, and were loud in their praises of the stick handling of the youngsters. Speed, clever dodging, quick passes and lightning shots were the features. The goal keeping of Casey, of the Shamrocks, and Brennan, of the Points, was marvellous. Both men stopping a fusillade of hot ones. For two quarters neither side scored, but in the beginning of the third quarter Shamrocks scored the first goal, followed in a few minutes after by one for the Points. A few minutes before time was up the Points scored the second goal, thus winning the match. The Points are now in a safe lead for the intermediate championship. This year the junior and intermediate teams are receiving more encouragement than formerly, and good results will follow from such work. The Nationals defeated Cornwall by 3 goals to 1. The rain storm interfered considerably with the match. Next Saturday the champion Shamrocks will leave by special excursion train for Cornwall, where they will cross sticks with the Factory Town lads. Quite a number of supporters will accompany their favorites and cheer the green and gray on to victory. Labor Day, the Trades and Labor Council will hold a grand demonstration at the Shamrock lacrosse grounds, the chief attraction being the lacrosse match between Balmagnons of Quebec and intermediate Shamrocks.

HONOR THEIR PATRON SAINT. The Italian colony on Sunday celebrated the feast of their patron saint, Notre Dame de la Defense. A grand procession was formed and passed through the streets of St. Louis du Mile End, three bands assisting in the exercises. The gathering attended the Church of St. Jean de la Croix. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Victor Paquet. A sermon, suited to the occasion, was given by Rev. Father Leonardo. The town of St. Louis was represented by Mayor Plouffe and Aldermen J. A. Martin and Martel. The members of the Bersaglieri and the Plus X. Guards were in attendance, and the parade was an imposing one. At the evening service the sermon was given by the new spiritual director of the colony, and later a display of fire works was given at Mile End Park.

OBITUARY. On Monday, August 7th, there passed away at St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. John W. White, barrister-at-law. The deceased had been ailing for the past two years with tuberculosis. He was a promising young lawyer, one of more than average ability, and a general favorite with his conferees. He was the son of the late Philip D. White, M. H. A. for St. John's West, and a brother of Rev. Jas. M. White, now of the Archdiocese of Montreal, and of Mr. Augustine White, of the Ottawa University. The funeral took place on Wednesday, August 9th, and was largely attended by members of the bar and citizens generally. Interment took place at Belvedere Cemetery. He leaves a widow and three children. R.I.P.

COMMISSION OF MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS. THE RE-OPENING OF The Schools under the control of the Commission will take place MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th. For fuller information apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school. A. D. LACROIX, Director General.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL. An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Schools re-open on September 6th. For terms and other information apply to THE PRESIDENT, 68 Drummond Street, Montreal.

ABOUT TIME to decide upon school work for the coming Fall and Winter. Let us help you out by sending our handsome new Catalogue just issued. It will give you all particulars about our modern methods and work used in training young people to secure and hold fine paying positions. Send us a postal request by first mail. Address Central Business College, YONGE and CERRARD Streets, Toronto, Ont. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

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NOTICE. The Directors of "LA PROVIDENCE" MUTUAL FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY give notice that there will be a general meeting of members of the said Company the twenty-eighth (28th) of this month, at RHEINGAU HOTEL, Montreal, at 8 o'clock p.m., for important business. L. A. PICARD, Secretary. August 7th, 1905.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB. ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Saturday evening. Open week days from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 11 p.m. to 10 p.m. ST. PETER and COMMON STS. To suffer well, we must suffer in weakness and feel our weakness; we must see ourselves without any resources within ourselves; we must be on the Cross with Jesus Christ, and say as He said, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL IN ENGLAND.

The Archbishop of Cashel paid a visit to Manchester on the occasion of the reopening of St. Patrick's Church, Livesey street, and was presented with an address. The Bishop of Salford, who presided, after offering a cordial welcome to the Archbishop and to Father James Ryan, President of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, said that this was the first official visit for an Irish Archbishop to Manchester, and, therefore, an event of more than usual importance and significance. He was convinced that it was a matter of the highest importance that the Catholic hierarchies of England and Ireland should be drawn nearer together. In saying that, he was expressing not a mere personal feeling, but he ventured to add that of His Grace, our own Archbishop of Westminster. He hoped for more intercommunication between the Bishops of England and Ireland. He trusted that such visits would be multiplied and made ordinary events. We must not, he continued, lose sight of the fact that the future of Catholicity in both countries was very much bound up with the union that might exist between them if they were to fight successfully the battle of religion—if only for one reason, the all-important matter of the religious education of our children. He believed the one solution of the difficulty would be that the Catholics of England and Ireland should stand shoulder to shoulder. The more we are united the more we are certain to achieve success in the future. That afternoon's gathering was, therefore, of more than local importance. It was in the first place of importance to St. Patrick's; secondly, to the diocese of Salford; and, thirdly, to the whole of Catholicity in this country. He concluded by again thanking His Grace, and expressing the wish that it might not be long before he paid them another visit.

The Archbishop of Cashel in reply to the addresses that had been presented—we quote from the special report of The Freeman's Journal—spoke as follows: "I am most thankful for your address of welcome, and I must say the expression of your welcome and thanks is extravagantly generous as compared with my pleasant visit to your city to assist at the reopening of your beautiful Church of St. Patrick. I am here at the wish of your good and learned Bishop and the invitation of your zealous pastor, and considering the interest taken by both in the Irish priests working here, and in the Irish people living here, it would be hard for me to refuse the request of either. Your address expresses sympathy with our Irish movement for the redress of great and admitted grievances, and for that I return you my most heartfelt thanks. There is no doubt that Ireland has been, and still is, shamefully treated, and though large measures of long-deferred justice have been passed, we are still denied that of self-government, of which the Act of Union of 1801 deprived us, and this denial, I have no hesitation in saying, is a large and black spot on the page of English history, and on its ultimate concession depend the honor of England and the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

"Go," said Mr. Gladstone in the debate on his Home Rule bill of June, '86, "into the length and breadth of the world; ransack the literature of all countries; find if you can a single voice, a single book, in which the conduct of England toward Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation."

"If the past is to be forgotten, the work of 1801 must be undone; if Ireland is to be prosperous and peaceful, she must be entrusted with a form of government that will beget national responsibility and respect for law and for order. I am thoroughly convinced that Home Rule is the only radical remedy for the ills of Ireland. For I firmly believe that as long as the fiscal injustice imposed by the Union has to be borne—and nothing short of Home Rule can depose the injustice—we must, in spite of all remedial legislation and other reforms and subsidies, continue to languish through poverty and depopulation."—Irish World.

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH? (From the Catholic Citizen.) No one who reads these lines feels that he has enough money. As a matter of fact, many have more than enough. We do not write for the purpose of discouraging thrift. It is well to save. It is wise to accumu-

FRUIT-A-TIVES OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" A pleasant liver laxative made from fruit with tonics added. Nature's remedy for constipation, headaches, biliousness, kidney and skin diseases. "I have had Liver Trouble for ten years, and tried different remedies but think Fruit-A-Tives are the best. I cannot praise them too highly." At Druggists—See a box. Mrs. JOHN CLINE, Aylmer, Ont. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa.

late. Thousands are neglecting to do this. For them this article has no moral. It is not written for their benefit.

It is written for those who are getting a little ahead; those with whom the income exceeds the outgo. They know that they are laying by something. It is pleasant to be in that condition. But the danger is that the work of accumulating, practiced for some years, becomes a habit which refuses to limit itself. Then men, instead of saving to live, live to save. Then money, instead of being the means of acquiring the other possibilities of life, crowds out all these possibilities. We may say that the miser is an exaggerated freak in the human family. But there are lesser phases in the miser's mania that are no less manifestations of the same disease. The mania of piling up wealth beyond one's own fairly estimated needs is widespread. And it is not only bad for society, but bad for those afflicted by it. It robs them of much of the pleasure of life, to say nothing of happiness of eternity.

How much is enough? Where shall we place a rational limit? In a natural honest condition of society one should accumulate nothing. It is a species of hogstiness to lay by more food and clothing than one can use. But we do not live in this natural and honest state of society.

In the world such as we find it, one has enough when he has found for himself a home which satisfies his wants. Why should he want more houses than one? Then, with a comfortable home, if one's income exceeds, during the years of his youth and prime, his outgo, he has enough. If his wants are few, and his habits frugal, he will never be poor. The accumulation of the unexpended portion of his daily or monthly earnings, will take care of itself, and the man may devote himself to the other and higher and nobler affairs of life.

But sickness—misfortune—accident? These are all provided against by the institutions of the society in which we live. There are mutual aid societies which checkmate the chances of sickness; life insurance companies which guard against death; fire insurance and casualty companies which save the homestead; and other forms of securities that protect the savings of honest labor.

But provision for the future of his children? This is the sympathetic apology that the money-mania too often makes for itself. Let children be endowed with good health, trained in good habits, gifted with virtue and dowered with industry, and they are given something that no bag of gold can greatly add to or enrich. These solid endowments are frequently neglected by money-saving parents. They leave their thousands of adolepted duds, brainless fops, simpering simpatons, moral and physical nonentities. What is saved in the frugality of parents is squandered in the folly of their progeny.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Boils, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. Mrs. A. Lethbridge, of Ballinacree, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my household work. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn-out women."

If luxury is sweet, its consequence is cruel.—Marmontel.

COST OF LIVING IN FRANCE.

It is Much More Than in Free Trade England.

The cost of living abroad, especially in France is a subject upon which wide variance of opinion exists. In an article in the Economiste Francaise, of Paris, M. A. de Foville uses England as a standard of comparison and says that there is no doubt that the English, on the average, have one-third more to spend than the French, and, all things being equal, more money is earned in England than in France. The contrary was true in former days, but now the high tariff in France, and free trade in England have produced their results.

Butter in France costs 30 to 60 cents per pound, Swiss cheese 25 to 30 cents a pound, and fowls 30 to 50 cents each. Milk is 10 to 12 cents per quart, bread four cents per pound, and meat 30 to 50 cents a pound. Fruits, which are grown abundantly in France, cost twice as much as they do in England; bananas and oranges, which Algiers exports by millions, cost four cents each. Coffee is 50 to 60 cents per pound, tea as much as \$1.40 to \$1.80 per pound, and sugar 10 to 12 cents per pound. Coal in Paris is worth \$14 a ton, and in many houses heat is a great rarity. In London two boxes of matches are given for one cent, but in France each box costs two cents and the matches are bad. Drugs are almost prohibitively expensive.

M. de Foville presents the balance sheet of four average families. The first family, with an income of \$2000 per year, represents a Parisian household; father, mother, two children, attending school, and a servant. The second family, with an income of \$1600, represents a provincial household, consisting of father, mother, two children and servant. The third family, with an income of \$800, is a Parisian household consisting of father, mother, a small child and no servant. And the last is that of a workman's family at Reims, consisting of father, mother, two children, five and ten years of age, the family disposing of a purse of \$415 per year. The first family expends \$1744 of its income for actual living expenses, and has a balance of \$256 for pleasure, doctors, and so forth; the second family expends \$1250 and has \$350 left; the third, \$667, and has a balance of \$133; and the fourth \$320, with a balance of \$95. In the case of the third family the food consists of coffee, bread and butter for breakfast; at midday, meat, vegetables, and dessert; at 4 o'clock the mother and child have chocolate and bread; and at 6 o'clock there is a dinner of soup, vegetables, and dessert. This is certainly an excellent showing for the money at the disposal of the housekeeper.

M. de Foville puts his finger on the cause of this wonderful housekeeping when he says that it lies in the innate inclination, one might say the passion, for economy. With a few francs, the little Parisian, who may be hungry many days in the year, is able to make herself a hat and frock which many wealthy women might well envy. And it is with the table as it is with the toilet. The art of utilizing the remnants is an art essentially French, whether the subject be ribbons or ragouts. The spirit of economy is as common in our country as it is rare in England. Fathers and mothers in France consider themselves the debtors of their children, and even the bachelors think they should leave something behind.

RAILROAD WILL BUILD A CHURCH.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, as a part of its terminal project in New York, is going to build for Father Gleason, a new St. Michael's Church, parish house, and parochial school, at an estimated cost of \$500,000. The new structures will cover a large plot running through from Thirty-third to Thirty-fourth street, just west of Ninth Avenue. The present church edifice of that parish and its other buildings are on Thirty-third and Thirty-second streets, just west of Ninth avenue. This property was bought, by contract, by the

Pennsylvania, several months ago, on condition that the railroad should supply similar buildings on another plot somewhere in the neighborhood. To carry out this plan the Pennsylvania took title recently to the old flats and dwellings at 414 to 424 West Thirty-fourth street—the frontages being 100 and 200 feet, respectively. On this site there will be erected a church, a five-story rectory, a five-story convent, a six-story parochial school, and a three-story vestry, all with facades of brick and limestone of ornamental design.

When the buildings are completed the church will turn over its present property to the railroad, which already owns nearly all of the north and south sides of Thirty-second street from Ninth to Tenth avenue.

WOMAN EXPERT ON BANK NOTES

Mrs. S. F. Fitzgerald is one of the most clever persons in the employ of the United States Treasury. It is said of her that she knows more about national bank notes than any other person living. For more than twenty years she has been at work in the branch of the redemption division, which deals with such notes, her task being to count and identify currency of that kind. She has to do much mending of mutilated bills, and sometimes the problems presented to her are of extraordinary difficulty where partly destroyed money is concerned. On more than one occasion she has identified notes, rendering it possible to redeem them at face value, when nothing remained of them beyond a piece the size of one's finger nail. Though no name of bank or denomination number was left, a scrap of the engraved design, perhaps only a bit of border, gave the requisite clue. Mrs. Fitzgerald knows the design of every national bank not issued in this country, and a mere glimpse of a corner of any one of them will tell her what bank it comes from.—Philadelphia Press.

New Provincial of the Good Shepherd Sisters

Mother Mary of St. Bernadine Loughrey, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, has returned from the general meeting of the order at Angers, France. She retires from the position of provincial and becomes superior of St. Joseph's Protectors, Norristown. She is succeeded as provincial by the former head of the Norristown institution, Mother Mary of St. Jane de Chantal Flaherty.

Mother Mary of St. Gertrude Wilson, late of the New York province, but formerly mistress of novices at Thirty-fifth street and Fairmount avenue, becomes superior of the House of the Good Shepherd, Reading. Mother Mary of St. Jane de Chantal, the new provincial, has been a member of the order for fourteen years. Previous to her appointment at Norristown she was in charge of the St. Magdalen Asylum for Colored Girls, Germantown. She is a native of St. Augustine's parish, and attended its academy, but resided for many years in St. Mary's parish. She is a sister of James A. Flaherty, Esq., Deputy Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of Canadian and American patents recently obtained through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to any of these will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- Nos. CANADA. 94,551—Charles Bristow, Christchurch, N.Z. Seed Sowers. 94,561—Thomas Hill, Joggin Mines, N.S. Cheese cutter. 94,611—Thos. F. Van Luven, Collin's Bay, Ont. Vehicle bearing. 94,648—Emilien A. Mammy, Beauport, Que. Canal lock. UNITED STATES. 798,642—James Drain, Peterboro, Ont. Filing case. 794,795—Gerald S. Fogarty, Montreal, Que. Necktie holder. 794,969—Philias Belle, Plymouth Union, Vt., U.S.A. Process for making pasted leather stock. 795,502—Eugene Gareau, Montreal, Que. Spring heel for shoes. 796,371—Messrs. Thomson & Despond, Toronto, Ont. Wrench.

The road of Right has neither turn nor bend, It stretches straight unto the highest goal; Hard, long, and lonely?—yes, yet never soul Can lose the way thereon, nor miss the end. —The Outlook.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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HER LI

The Adjutant General ent executive office with a "Morning Governor," cheerfully. "There's a little of business I wanted to talk for the board meets." "All right, Bob." The swung round in his chair up at the Adjutant General kindly, near-sighted eyes. "Company E, Tenth Inf the State troops, is just oged edge. We've decided t it out and take in one of independent companies on ing list. E has elected an tain—the fourth in less th That's the limit in demor "Hab, yes," assented the absent-mindedly. "You k best, Bob. Do as you lik it."

"I want you to be satisfi nor. E Company comes f burg, down in your part State." "H'm; that's so. Who's captain?" The Adjutant General rel some papers in his hand. "Donald Thomas Nesbit," With a curious, bird-like sure sign that he was inte Governor plucked off his no "Why, bless your heart, ejaculated, "that's Tom Ne Well, well; good old Tom." ged a long, slender finger a jutant General. "Tom Nes went to school together, Crackett county; thick as were, too. And Tom cou lick me. Why, say, Bob, ings made a man of me." The General smiled in "Then we won't muster E out just yet?"

"Never, Bob, never! W to give old Tom's boy a Why, I wouldn't be able t in the face when I went Rossburg. Oh, he'll make right. A son of Tom Nes n't help it!" And so E Company, b captain happened to be a father, was saved its place State service.

A cheery room it was, with ing little fire crackling on t and its litter of books, and music on piano and tal graving or two on the wa thick, warm-toned carpet a ous easy chairs, veterans o vice, blending perfectly fo whole which fairly breathe The two occupants of t seemed to be thoroughly in with it. The man lay ba ously in one of the easy 'was small and well groo dark hair curled a trifle. H and lips were smooth, the most showing beneath the skin. A jaunty, impractic moustache adorned his upp The girl was slender and She bore herself like a duc eyes were gray, her profile "Today," she was saying "will you never learn to q posing? I've refused you t out number, in all sorts of ings, and all kinds of wealth conceive any possible com circumstances which would more favorable to you, quit bothering me."

"Impossible, Edith," repl unabashed Toddy. "I'm gol until either your resolve or son gives way." "It will be my reason, t gine me in a padded cell, s 'no, no,' all day long." There followed a few mo lace, broken by the young wish you'd tell me what Edith," he said, serious thing I can do to make my objectionable? What's the to me as a husband?" "I'll tell you, Toddy," dean resolve. "You've neve thin nor done anything; j and taken the good thin without asking where t from. If you'd only do som make people sip up, Toddy. "But I've never had to, sponded plaintively. "The has always been so disgusti What's the use of working l ley slave for something you have?"

The girl threw her hands a very gesture more than nest although she spoke ba "That is just it; and t you're not my fairy princ you ever feel like doing so the world?" "No," he rejoined, deep "only to run my motor ca miles an hour where the ea

HER LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

The Adjutant General entered the executive office with a brisk step. "Morning, Governor," he began, cheerfully. "There's a little matter of business I wanted to talk over before the board meets."

"All right, Bob." The Governor swung round in his chair and peered up at the Adjutant General from kindly, near-sighted eyes.

"Company E, Tenth Infantry, of the State troops, is just off the ragged edge. We've decided to muster it out and take in one of the good, independent companies on the waiting list. E has elected another captain—the fourth in less than a year. That's the limit in demoralization."

"Hah, yes," assented the Governor, absent-mindedly. "You boys know best, Bob. Do as you like about it."

"I want you to be satisfied, Governor. E Company comes from Rosburg, down in your part of the State."

"H'm; that's so. Who's the new captain?"

The Adjutant General referred to some papers in his hand. "Donald Thomas Nesbit," he said.

With a curious, bird-like motion, the Governor plucked off his nose-glasses. "Why, bless your heart, Bob!" he ejaculated, "that's Tom Nesbit's boy. Well, well; good old Tom!"

He wagged a long, slender finger at the Adjutant General. "Tom Nesbit and I went to school together, back in Crackett county; thick as thieves we were, too. And Tom could always lick me. Why, say, Bob, his whippings made a man of me."

The General smiled in sympathy. "Then we won't muster E Company out just yet?"

"Never, Bob, never! We've got to give old Tom's boy a chance. Why, I wouldn't be able to look Tom in the face when I went down to Rosburg. Oh, he'll make good, all right. A son of Tom Nesbit couldn't help it!"

And so E Company, because its captain happened to be a son of his father, was saved its place in the State service.

A cheery room it was, with a knowing little fire crackling on the hearth, and its litter of books, magazines and music on piano and table—an engraving or two on the walls, the thick, warm-toned carpet and numerous easy chairs, veterans of long service, blending perfectly for form a whole which fairly breathed comfort.

The two occupants of the room seemed to be thoroughly in harmony with it. The man lay back luxuriously in one of the easy chairs. His dark hair curled a trifle. His cheeks and lips were smooth, the blood almost showing beneath the clear olive skin. A jaunty, impractical little moustache adorned his upper lip.

The girl was slender and handsome. She bore herself like a duchess; her eyes were gray, her profile adorable. "Toddy," she was saying severely, "will you never learn to quit proposing? I've refused you times without number, in all sorts of surroundings, and all kinds of weather. I can't conceive any possible combination of circumstances which would make me more favorable to you. Do please quit bothering me."

"Impossible, Edith," replied the unabashed Toddy. "I'm going to ask until either your resolve or your reason gives way."

"It will be my reason, then; imagine me in a padded cell, saying 'no, no, no,' all day long."

There followed a few moments' silence, broken by the young man. "I wish you'd tell me what's wrong, Edith," he said, seriously. "Anything I can do to make myself less objectionable? What's the drawback to me as a husband?"

"I'll tell you, Toddy," with sudden resolve. "You've never been anything nor done anything; just lived, and taken the good things of life without asking where they came from. If you'd only do something to make people sit up, Toddy!"

"But I've never had to," he responded plaintively. "The Governor has always been so disgustingly rich. What's the use of working like a galley slave for something you already have?"

The girl threw her hands wide with a weary gesture more than half earnest although she spoke banteringly. "That is just it; and that's why you're not my fairy prince. Don't you ever feel like doing something in the world?"

"No," he rejoined, despondently, "only to rust my motor car thirty miles an hour where the sign-boards

say you mustn't. But hold on," brightening up, "I forgot! I'm going to make something of this military company. The boys elected me captain last month. I boned up, took the examination and to-day received word I'd passed. I got my commission, which 'reposes special trust and confidence in the patriotism, courage and integrity of Donald Thomas Nesbit, and is duly signed and sealed by the Governor himself. Isn't that something?"

Miss Truxton rose, her face studiously grave, but her eyes brimming over with mischief, and gave a precise military salute. "Bravo," she said. "Captain Toddy Nesbit, little tin soldier!"

The raw spring winds cut deeply as Nesbit turned his big French car homewards, but Edith's ridicule wounded more cruelly still. Nesbit was sensitive of his five feet three inches, and he was proud that Company E, demoralized as it was, had confidence enough in him to elect him captain. That one phrase, "little tin soldier," was doubly sharp.

Toddy's teeth clicked, and the car made a vicious swerve at a dog which ran barking alongside. "Little tin soldier, eh? That's what they all think; but I'll show 'em!"

At that precise moment Miss Truxton was saying remorsefully to Nesbit's photograph, as it faced her from the piano: "Toddy, dear, I didn't mean to wound you, but I do hope it will make you wake up!" Then she kissed the picture. The knowledge of the salute would certainly have sent Nesbit into the seventh heaven, and probably would have sent his automobile up the side of the nearest house.

II.

The Governor and the Adjutant General stood in front of headquarters, under the big American flag which went up at reveille in the morning, and came down to the music of the "Star Spangled Banner" at retreat in the evening.

It was the annual encampment of the State troops, also the Fort McMahon regular infantry, and the Governor was enjoying himself immensely. He had been a Union cavalryman in '61, and it was a pleasure to feel a good horse between his old knees again, and to let his eyes wander at will over the acres of snowy tentage.

The morning sun shone brightly, orderly was trotting up from the stables with a bunch of horses. On a knoll a few rods in front of them the Sixth Regiment band was playing right merrily for guard-mount. "Hah, Bob," remarked the Governor presently, "there come some regulars. What's going on to-day, field maréchal?"

He pointed to where a company in column of fours was swinging up the hill to pass them on its way to the camp site.

The Adjutant General flushed with pleasure. "Governor," he said, "that's the best compliment I've had since taking hold of the troops. Those boys are Company E, Tenth Infantry, the fellows we were going to muster out. They're provost guard in the city to-day. That little captain is a wonder; your judgment is nobly vindicated. They call his boys 'Nesbit's Dudes,' over in the Tenth. Look at those khakis—spotless as new pins. And you'll find a clean soldier is always a good soldier."

The Governor plucked off his glasses with his bird-like gesture. "Well, well," he said, smiling benignantly. "Good man, is he? Couldn't help it, Tom Nesbit's boy, you see. I know the breed, Bob. I know the breed. That's the kind they call 'officer and gentleman.' No 'tin soldier' about him, Bob."

"You did well, Captain Toddy," said Miss Truxton, when E Company had returned home, and Nesbit bravely proposed once more on the strength of E Company's good record at camp. "You did well for a little tin soldier, but not well enough. Come back and ask me again when they make you colonel!"

He would not let her see how much the title hurt, so he smiled as he replied: "To be colonel only requires wire-pulling, and I'd still be a 'tin soldier.' There is no one else, Edith?"

And with sudden gravity she replied: "No one else, no one at all."

III.

Rosburg people said that Toddy had at last found something useful to do. The company gained in popularity. The boys were applauded on the streets, and the fortnightly dances at the armory went off famously. Toddy worked harder than

the newest private in the ranks, and they all swore by him. As one of the youngsters naively put it, "He's all right; it ain't Cap's fault that his dad is rich!" The inspecting officer who came from the Capitol every two months nodded approval at their snappy manual of arms and the accuracy of their drilling. He found every one, from the frank little captain down, anxious to improve in military arts, so E Company stood high at headquarters and all was well.

There was just one fly in the ointment; so many people refused to take them seriously. The roughs on the street corners would say, "Here comes the tin soldier; say, wot'll you do in case of war, anyway?" Toddy's masculine friends, at a ball, would smile fatuously and say, "Allow me to introduce our distinguished tin soldier, Captain Nesbit." Not that he cared for the girl's opinion, of course, for there was Edith. But it was embarrassing, to say the least.

Often in his inmost heart Nesbit wished that some emergency might arise in which his men could prove their mettle. "They may be 'tin,' all right, but, by Jove, they're as true as steel!" he would say to himself.

And the emergency came. The first snow of winter was falling one December afternoon, and he was occupying his favorite chair at the Truxton home, when a messenger arrived with a telegram. Edith, who was playing old favorites at the piano, turned to see his eyes light up as he read the yellow slip.

"Here's a jolly lark!" he said, holding out the message. Miss Truxton felt herself grow pale as she read:

"Captain Nesbit, commanding Company E, State Troops, Rosburg—You are directed to report at once with your command to Sheriff Hillis, of Newcastle, for better protection of Frank Schultz, arrested in Castownship. Prisoner is now at county jail in Newcastle, and Sheriff fears lynching. You will be governed by his wishes as to disposition of troops, who remain, however, under your command. Company is to be armed with rifles, bayonets, and twenty rounds per man of ball cartridge. Acknowledge receipt of these orders. (Signed) Adjutant General."

"By order of the Governor."

"You'll be careful, Toddy?" said Miss Truxton, as they parted in the hall.

Captain Nesbit laughed. "T'would serve you right if I pretended to look on this thing seriously, but I don't. The Sheriff is scared out of his boots by a few farmers. We'll be in no more danger than I am right now. Good-bye," and he was gone through the whirling flakes.

IV.

Sheriff Hillis was a big man with a slouch hat and a worried look, and as Captain Nesbit reported to him there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he found much comfort in the presence of the little officer and his men.

"It seemed quiet enough as we came through town," suggested the Captain.

"Well, it'll be less quiet directly," was the grim rejoinder. "It isn't generally known over in the south end of Castle township that we've got Schultz. Messengers are out, though,

stirring 'em up, and there'll be the devil to pay about midnight. A hard lot's on hand now, gottin' keyed up in the saloons. Some of 'em had the nerve to tell me they'd take Schultz away from me! When such cattle can do that, I'll resign," he finished scornfully.

"Where do you want us, Sheriff? I've got fifty men with me."

"Right here on the front steps. It gives you a clear view to the street every way, so they can't surprise you."

"Is there another door to the jail?"

"At the back, but I've got twenty deputies with Winchesters to guard that."

Captain Nesbit bored a neat little hole in the snow with his sword before speaking again. "Sheriff, do you think a volley over their heads would scare them, providing, of course, they come?"

"My deputies are ordered not to waste a shot," returned the Sheriff bluntly. "All this crowd belong to the Seven Nations, and they're hard citizens. They laughed when they heard you fellows was coming, said they weren't afraid—" the Sheriff hesitated.

"Of tin soldiers," finished Captain Nesbit for him. "Oh, I know what they say. Well, let them come!"

The Sheriff's face brightened at something in the little officer's attitude and words. "Good boy," he said simply.

It was nearer 1 o'clock than 12 when the sentry on the corner saw a mob of perhaps two hundred straggling up the street. The other sentries, who had been patrolling the sides of the building, were called in, and the company formed in double ranks across the broad stone platform at the front. An electric arc light over the ponderous doors brought out in detail the broad expanse of snow.

Captain Nesbit felt a mad excitement growing inside him as the mob turned onto the broad lawn, but he fought it down. "Don't lose your heads, boys," he warned. "Don't load your pieces till ordered, and wait for commands in firing. This is the time to show the stuff that's in you."

"All right, Cap," ran along the line. The men spoke cheerfully and confidently.

The Sheriff, revolver in hand, pushed his way through the soldiers, until he stood beside Captain Nesbit on the first step. "Halt, there!" he shouted, when the mob was still thirty yards away. "What d'ye want?"

A tall man, whose beard hung down his breast, and who wore a cartridge belt buckled outside his overcoat, advanced a few paces. A rifle lay in the hollow of his arm. Behind him, in the forefront of the restless, growing crowd, Nesbit could discern men with sledges and crow-bars.

"You know what we want; that bound of a Schultz!"

"And you can't have him, Link Burgess. If you come too near somebody'll get shot."

"Bah, tin soldiers! Come on, boys."

Somebody in the rear of the mob flung a stone. An ugly murmur rose from the troops. Then suddenly a short, lithe figure calmly walked down the steps toward the mob, his rifle coving them. The half-drunken crowd stood amazed at this move, and on the sudden silence a clear, determined voice rang upon the keen night air:

"I've got something to say to you men, before this shooting scrap begins." A bullet from the enemy whizzed through the air and buried itself at the foot of the prison steps. A trooper cursed, but Nesbit gave no order to fire—only stood there straight and soldierly, with his rifle aimed at Link Burgess.

"So long as you listen to what I have to say there won't be any shooting from our side. The minute you turn loose on us your game is up. You're not dealing with raw recruits now, but the crack infantry shots of the State Guard. At the last target practice we carried off about all the prizes worth having." A man in the heart of the mob shouted a ribald jest at the speaker, whose voice did not change, nor did his arm waver.

"It's up to you to settle this thing in the next two minutes. We're going to hold Schultz for the Government that has sworn us in. In your effort to get your man you may kill a few of us, but it won't be a circumstance to what we will do to you."

"Fool!" muttered the Sheriff, and started forward. One of Nesbit's young lieutenants pulled him back. The mob had turned oddly silent.

"You can't scare us worth a cent. For every crowbar and sledge hammer you have we've got a round of ammunition that will cut down your

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"You can't scare us worth a cent. For every crowbar and sledge hammer you have we've got a round of ammunition that will cut down your



ranks like hail in your own fields."

His figure straightened a bit, and a certain contempt rang in his voice, which seemed to impress his listeners as no diplomatic phrase might have done.

"We don't give a care how many of you fellows we shoot down—if the time comes that we must. We're for the law and you are against it. But there's others we do care for, your wives and children. Before you fire another shot or fling another stone, just ask whether you want your families raised by the county! How many of you'd like to think of your children growing up on the poor farm? Is the sight of Schultz dangling to a rope worth this prize? What's he to your wives and children?" He stepped back a pace. A swaying movement like wind rushing through the branches of a tree seemed to animate the mob. But Nesbit had not finished.

"Think that over—and then shoot—if you think it wise. We won't leave a round dozen of you to tell the tale."

Without lowering his rifle, he flung his orders over his shoulder to his men:

"E Company—with ball cartridge—load!" There was a clicking of breech-blocks as the cartridges were slipped into place.

"Aim!"

Like a row of mechanical figures, the men behind him obeyed the ringing command.

Then Captain Nesbit smiled. Not a stone, not a bullet came from the mob in front of him. Suddenly Link Burgess stepped forward, his hand outstretched.

"Shake! Fur a tin soldier, yer all right. You're grit clean through. If the judge is like you Schultz will get all that's coming to him. Anyhow—well, there'll be some women in this here county blessin' you to-morrow."

And, like sheep, the silenced, unresentful mob followed its leader away from the grim, even line of watchful soldiers.

The Sheriff sprang forward and crushed Nesbit's hand in his.

"Drop it, old chap," said the young captain, wincing at his touch. "You see, that first bullet went through my arm!"

Captain Nesbit received two telegrams that morning which he numbers among his dearest possessions. The first was from the Governor, and read:

You have saved the State the disgrace of a lynching, and earned an old man's gratitude. I asked that you be sent there, for I knew Tom Nesbit's son was equal to the task. God bless you.

The other merely said: I never knew until last night how much I loved you, my brave little soldier.

EDITH.

—M. J. Phillips, in the New Orleans Picayune.

Beneath her feet soft veils the earth is flinging, Of palest emerald sown with crocus stars;

While from the silver willow censers swinging, Drift grains of incense, hiding ancient scars.

THE CROSS IN TENNESSEE.

Ferdinand De Soto penetrated into East Tennessee in 1540. So think Martin, Ramsey, and other historical writers; if so, Catholic priests, with De Soto, were the first to plant the Standard of the Cross and offer Christian worship to God in this Switzerland of America, and that in the summer of 1540.

New York Priest's Up-Hill Fight to Prevent Selling Liquor to Minors.

To hold converse with "Father James," (described in the ecclesiastical directory as Rev. James B. Curry, pastor of St. James' Church) is not an easy undertaking. The vestibule of the parish house of Oliver street is crowded, and to admit that one does not belong to the parish, says a reporter of the New York Evening Post, is to wait until Mrs. Flynn, Katie Hart, and sundry other parishioners have either been ushered into the presence, or had their needs attended to by one or the other of the assistant priests.

Katie, who expects to work in a big establishment, was on hand this morning in order to secure a "reference," the same being demanded, in view of the fact that several years before she had spent twelve months as a pupil in the parish school.

A few sharp, business-like questions and the note is forthcoming, and the pleasant-faced young priest turns to Mrs. Flynn to hear the story of "Dinny," aetot sixteen, who, it appears, needs the personal attention of "Father James" if the Evil Spirit is to be driven out. Both Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, it is asserted, have attempted the expulsion with the aid of the buckle end of a servicable strap, but at last they have arrived at the conclusion that there is nothing more to be done at home, and no one outside of home to whom they can appeal with hope of satisfactory results but "Father James."

But "Father James" is not in at the moment; he is at court hoping to strengthen the case against a bartender accused of selling liquor to a minor. Nevertheless he shall be told of the difficulty in the Flynn family as soon as he returns.

This is not for almost an hour, and when at last he lets himself in with a latch key, the round, jolly face is overcast, and the ordinarily twinkling eyes are sullen and full of disgust.

"They let him off," he says without preface to the reporter who has introduced himself. "Let him off when it was myself who went back with the boy when I saw him with the can and made him point out the man who had sold him the beer. They made the youngster say he wasn't quite sure it was the man, and that was all that was necessary."

"How will I make people understand what a terrible up-hill fight this is for decency among the grown-up people, and a fair show for the children of the East Side? In this parish alone, we have more than 150 saloons. Day and night we have to fight this evil of selling to the children. My principal work is done at night, when I get a plain clothes man from the station house, and cover as much ground as possible. But I can't do everything, and the police can't do as much as they want to. Capt. Hodgins at Oak street is doing a whole lot for decency and the protection of the little ones, but he can't work miracles. The three-penny system has made it necessary for the men to cover longer boats, and now with the vacation season in full swing it is more difficult than ever."

"The worst offenders are the Italian liquor dealers, who will often tell me to my face that they didn't understand the law. Faith, then, most of them know more about it when I got through with them."

"We can't do all that we would like to do for the men and women in this section; we are compelled of necessity to turn our efforts in the direction of the boys and girls who are to be the men and women of the future."

"What can we expect if we stand idly by and allow the children to 'carry the can' and sip from it in the hallways and alleys, so that they have acquired the drink habit before they have learned their catechism?"

"It is true that I am conducting a 'crusade'—if that is what you like to call it—and I intend to keep it up. I do not believe that teetotalism is essential to salvation, although for my own part I do not touch intoxicants, but I do believe that temptation should not be forced upon these little ones before they even know what it means to give way to it."

"In a word, I am out to see that the boys and girls who have the cans filled shall point out those who have served them, and that those who have offended shall be punished. There is danger of more than the acquisition of the liquor craving, especially in the case of the girls, and the fight is well worth while.—Catholic Universe, Cleveland.

He who serves Mass kneels and moves amongst the angels.

RECTOR. SOCIETY—Estab 1856; incorp 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexan Monday of the meets last Wed. Rev. Director, P.P.; President, 1st Vice-Pres, 2nd Vice-Pres, W. Durack, Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. B. A. AND B. SO. the second Sum in St. Patrick's under street, at the Manager hall on the try month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil, H. Kelly, Res, ally, 13 Valles. B. SOCIETY. Rev. Director, President, D. J. F. Quinn, street; treasur, 8 St. Augustin the second Sum in St. Ann's and Ottawa m. A. Branch 26 November, 1888. t St. Patrick's ader street, on h month. The transaction on the 2nd and h month at 8 ers: Spiritual Killoran; Chan- President, J. ce-President, J. g Secretary, R. rdale Ave.; A. W. J. Macdonary, J. J. Cos in street; Treas; Marshal, J. J. O'Regan, W. A. Hodg-R. Gahan, T. Advisers, Dr. E. J. O'Con- CULAR. N. Y., July 3, al Act of the e, June 9, 1878, ecreasing rapidly 000 paid in ars. Rev 25th, 1904. tioned by Pope y Cardinals, ral of whom are: LANCER, and Connell, SET, QUEBEC. SAULT, ce of Quebec, ME STREET. DENIST. BILLS. eShane's, Pa. Single, llers, N. S. L. COMPANY, and YORK CITY. CHURCH BELL. Etc. BRICKS IN ER? ORRY! ve Lining IT. 250 400 oment in the guaranteed. ED & CO. &c. Street. nated and published t. Central P. & C. Co. o, proprietors.

A PICTURE OF MODERN WAR.

The First Painting of the Kind, by Frederic Villiers, on Exhibition in London.

At the galleries of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., in Pall Mall, there has been placed on exhibition a war picture of a very remarkable kind.

Of course, many excellent photographs and sketches relating to the Russo-Japanese conflict have appeared in various periodicals, but the scale of these is necessarily small.

The picture in question is a canvas measuring about 20 feet by 8. The painter is Frederic Villiers, one of the most experienced of all war artists.

Hitherto, war pictures have been figure pictures, usually depicting notable combatants performing deeds of daring in conspicuous places.

When Mr. Villiers made his original sketches he was lying in a trench, about 700 yards in a direct line from the Russian position.

They are conical hills, of the volcanic type, clothed to mid-height with greenery, and above that bare.

To the right of the picture is a series of forts known as the Cockscorn, and another series leads across to the left.

From the base of these hills to the spectator extends a stretch of uneven ground. The vegetation is scanty and stunted, scorched by the sun.

It is full of men, though not one of them is to be seen. The only thing you catch sight of resembles the topmost peak of a tent.

Like human moles, the unseen men extended the fissure, casting up the red soil as they went, on to the base of the hills and up their bare face, throwing out ramifications on each side.

factory, that the great Osaka mortars were brought into action, concentrating their fire on the Russian trenches.

Now you, of course, the spectator, looking over the trench in the immediate foreground, do not see the Osaka mortars. They are two or three miles away and behind your back.

Where one of these shells has burst there is a pit in the landscape. Where they are actually bursting you behold varied and extravagant effects of color.

Vast masses of vapor are disengaged by these exploding shells. The nearest one, so near that you can see the sheet of flame, flings up black earth in fumes of swarthy purple.

From sand the vapors rise in clouds of amber. Elsewhere they are leaden gray, red gray and purple gray; and high overhead is the white smoke of bursting shrapnel.

Midway up East Kikwan several shells have burst, and on the slope below the zone of billowing, many colored vapors is a swarm of yellowish white dots.

In comparison with the volumes of smoky dots are insignificant; but they went on and on and forced their way up the glacis and into the fort at the top.

Over the right shoulder of East Kikwan towers a swirling column of vapor; such as might issue from infernal regions. The fort in the right middle of the picture is in a smother of bursting shells.

Towards these forts also swarm the tiny dots which are men. They captured the P fort and immediately named it Ichinobe, this being the name of the most important dot among them.

At the end of the day the forts to the left were still left in possession of the Russians. In the very face of the terrific shell fire they fought with splendid bravery, but this was not the only reason why the attack was not pressed home.

The Japanese did not particularly want to capture and retain these forts just then. This tremendous demonstration against the whole line of the eastern forts was in part a blind.

Gen. Nogi wished to ascertain the depth of a pass in quite a different direction, the most immediately in front of the Uhlingshan work; and while the eastern attack was in progress another party did what Nogi wished. Then the demonstration ceased.

In reply to a query as to whether the greatly differing colors of the smoke were attributable to different explosions, Mr. Villiers writes that "they are mainly due to the churning up of the various colored earths, sand and red soil peculiar to the vicinity of Port Arthur. But the fumes of the powder, no doubt, played a part in the color scheme, especially in the deeper purple tones, for I could never quite account for the purple, that sometimes reached the depth of actual blackness, by any soil round about the great fortress."

The man who could best account for the purple is doubtless Dr. Shimose, the famous war chemist of Japan. He spent eleven years in producing the explosive which is now known by his name.

By his name and by its terrible effects it is known, and by little else. Its composition and mode of preparation may long remain secret. For it was Dr. Shimose who invented also the curious ink used in Japan for bank notes and paper money generally. And in that country, where imitative art has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere, no forger has been able to produce a successful imitation of the paper currency.—New York Sun.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Ah, you who go about with sad and unsmiling countenances, pretending that you are better than others because of your long face, it is not your religion that makes you gloomy but, rather, the lack of it. There is more religion in one good, hearty laugh than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom.—Madison C. Ferguson.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5.30 to \$5.70; strong bakers, \$5 to \$5.40; winter wheat patents, \$5.50 and straight rollers, \$5 to \$5.15 in wood; in bags, \$2.35 to \$2.45.

ROLLED OATS.—\$2.40 to \$2.42 per bag.

PEARL HOMINY.—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk at \$14.50 to \$15; shorts, \$19 to \$20; Manitoba bran in bags at \$17; shorts, \$19 to \$20.

HAY—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6 to \$6.25; clover mixed, \$6.50 to \$7.

OATS—No. 2, 45c to 46c per bushel; No. 3, 43c to 44c.

BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.70 to \$1.75 per bushel; \$1.65 in car lots.

POTATOES—New potatoes in bags of 80 lbs., 50c to 55c.

HONEY—White clover in comb, 12c to 12 1/2c per section, in 1 lb sections; extract in 10 lb. tins, 7 1/2c to 8c; in 60 lb. tins, 6 1/2c to 7c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$20.00 to \$21.00; light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$19.25 to \$20.75; compound lard, 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; Canadian lard, 10 1/2c to 11c; kettle rendered, 11c to 12c, according to quality; hams, 12c 13c and 14c, according to size; bacon, 13c to 14c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$9.75 to \$10; alive, \$7.35 for mixed lots, \$7.60 for selects.

EGGS—Straight stock, 18c to 18 1/2c; No. 2, 15c.

BUTTER—Choice creamery, 22c to 23c; undergrades, 21 1/2c to 22c; dairy, 18c to 20c.

CHEESE—Ontario, 11 1/2c to 11c; Quebec, 10 1/2c to 10c.

ASHES—Firsts, \$5.02 1/2 to \$5.07 1/2; seconds, \$4.55 to \$4.60; first pearls, \$7.

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter and Cheese Firm, But Quiet—Egg Market Firm.

To-day's receipts by rail and canal were: Butter, 6056 pkgs; cheese, 6059 boxes, and eggs, 638 cases. There is some demand for butter, but the sales are mostly for small lots, and about 22c is all that can be got.

A dairy produce report for the week ending August 4 received by mail from Liverpool says Canadian butters, where showing choicest quality, have been in good demand. Medium grades of butter have been in better request.

Cheese prices are firm, and a slight advance is noted, but trade remains quiet, sales are slow, the prices that exporters are compelled to ask not meeting with a ready response from the English market.

The same report says of the cheese trade that the market was firmer at the early part of the week, and quotations were raised 1s to 1s 6d per cwt., and the demand was good. Later, however, under the influence of cables coming a little easier, there is some reaction from the highest point and quotations are reduced, with some slackening of demand.

Eggs are steady at the given quotations, and the demand is fairly good. Prices are well maintained in the country, from 15 1/2 to 16c, and in some cases a fraction more is paid. The demand for selects from the local retail dealers is steady, and as high as 22c has been paid.

St. Hyacinthe, Que., Aug. 12.—Boarded, 1194 boxes of butter; sold, 1032 boxes at 21c; 1089 boxes of cheese offered, 239 boxes sold at 10c; 50 boxes of colored at 10 9-16c; 142 cool cured cheese at 10c. Balance unsold.

Sherbrooke, Aug. 13.—At the exchange to-day salt butter sold at 22c, and saltless at 22 1/2c; cheese at 10c.

THE PROVISION MARKET. The provision receipts to-day by rail and canal were: 102 bris. pork, 1000 pkgs. lard, 3675 pkgs. meats, 1661 pkgs. hams and bacon. The local export trade is feeling the effects of the high prices that are being paid for live hogs, and operations in some cases have slackened off considerably.

The difference between cost and selling price being too slight to permit of a profitable business being carried on.

The consumptive demand for smoked meats is brisk, and quite a lot is being sold. Cooked hams are in great demand and during the summer months large quantities are sold; the price is from 21c to 22c per lb.

OUR BLACK DRESS GOODS.

"Distinctive Character" is a phrase that in some measure expresses the beauty of texture, the multiplicity of designs, the charming effects of our Black Dress Goods Department.

Only stocking goods of the highest class, we are in a position to guarantee the wear of every length cut, and in addition to that we go one step further. WE WARRANT SHADES OF BLACK ABSOLUTELY PERMANENT.

We enumerate a few of the new designs and effects to hand. Black Silk Embroidered Crepe de Chine, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.25.

Black Silk Jacquard Batiste, \$1.00.

Black Embroidered Armures, \$1.00.

Black Embroidered Voiles, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.25, \$2.50, etc., etc., etc.

Embroidered effects of Spots, Polka Dots, Seed Spots, Rings, Geometrical Designs, etc. etc.

These are absolutely the latest creations of the French manufacturers.

\$10, \$15, \$18 Linen Suits \$6.50

That means that suits that have been selling as high as \$18—White Linen, Blue Linen, the New Rajah Green Linen, Ecru Linen, &c. A fair representation of values is being shown in the windows to-day and this evening—kindly see them.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXHIBITION

TORONTO and RETURN. Sept. 2 and 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1905.

Seaside Excursions. From MONTREAL to PORTLAND and Return, \$7.50

Going dates—August 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1905. Return limit—September 5, 1905.

PORTLAND—OLD ORCHARD. Leave Montreal at 8 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. Pullman Parlor Cars on day trains, and Sleeping Cars on night trains. Elegant buffet service on day trains between Montreal and Portland.

Saratoga Springs. Excursion, via C.T.R. & D. & H. Co. and Steamer. Fare from MONTREAL, \$5.00

Going dates—P.M. trains 17, all trains August 8. Return limit—Aug. 21, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC FARM LABORERS' EXCURSIONS

2nd CLASS To MANITOBA and ASSINIBOIA \$12.00

Sept. 8th, From Stations in Province of Quebec.

One way tickets to Winnipeg only will be sold with a certificate extending the trip before Sept. 15th, without additional cost, to given points in Manitoba and Assiniboia. If purchasers engage as farm laborers at Winnipeg, provided 30 days at harvesting, and produce certificate to that effect, they will be returned to original starting point at \$15.00, on or before November 30th, 1905. For further particulars and tickets apply to nearest Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Agent.

Ticket Offices. 129 St. James St. Windsor St. Station, Place Viger St.

THE CITY ETHERNAL. By Archbishop Ireland.

Thou art, O Rome, the Eternal City? The Eternal City pagan poets and seers believed thee to be; their dreams were not vain, though vain were the shadowy forms which beguiled them into those dreams.

In their Rome they had seen the embodiment of highest human might, of highest human grandeur; should not their Rome, they thought, mock time and the ravages of time? But nothing that is human lasts, and of

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, August 10, 1905. Store closes at 5.2 o'clock.

New Management's Bargain Bulletin

Think of all the August sales that are in progress, and the remarkable showing of the first week of this colossal stock righting event will impress you with the supremacy of the "New Management's" bargain offerings. DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT THE CLEAN UP SALE TO-MORROW.

ENORMOUS CLEARANCE OF REMNANTS

This enormous REMNANT SALE is the result of six months phenomenal merchandising in Montreal's greatest store. All Remnants of regular goods, bought for the present season, many of which have never been sold under price before—staple lines—special purchases—in enormous variety of lengths will be offered at the most phenomenal reductions on record.

1-4 OFF, 1-3 OFF, 1-2 OFF, 3-4 OFF THE REGULAR MARKED PRICES.

THOUSANDS OF USEFUL REMNANTS IN DRESS GOODS, 1 to 8 yards.

DAINTY MUSLINS, 1 to 10 yds. PRETTY PRINTS, 1 to 10 yds. STRONG LINENS, useful lengths. FLANNELS, strenuously reduced. FLANNELETTES, 1 to 5 yds.

SILKS, 1 to 10 yards. BLACK GOODS, 1 to 7 yards. RIBBONS, 1 to 6 yards. CARPETS, useful lengths. OILCLOTHS, various lengths. INSERTIONS, 1 to 5 yards. STRAW HATS, odd lots.

HUSTLING OUT MEN'S SUMMER FURNISHINGS

Although they'll be in demand for another couple of months yet, the New Management has decided to greatly thin the ranks of Men's Summer Furnishings. Like this:

15 DOZEN MEN'S WHITE OPENWORK MESH SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, nice silk finish, good elastic neck bands, ribbed cuffs and ankles. Nearly all sizes. Regularly 75c. Sale Price, each 56c

BALANCE, ABOUT 12 DOZEN OF MEN'S WHITE DUCK SHIRTS, collar attached, regular tailor cut, full cut body, perfect fitting. Regularly \$1. New Management's Sale Price 66c

MEN'S WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, with pretty embroidered flower. Only 5 dozen of these left. Sizes 18 by 18 inches. Regularly 50c. New Management's Price is 20c

42c and 55c All Wool Challies, 19c

20 Pieces of Fine Fashionable Challies, that have sold so well at regular prices, have been assembled and marked for immediate clearance.

20 PIECES OF FINE ALL WOOL CHALLIES AND LACE CHALLIES, 32 inches wide, in stripe, spot and floral effects, pretty shades of pink, gray, fawn, Nile, heliotrope, cardinal, red and black. Regular prices, 42c to 55c a yard. New Management's Price 19c

90c Children's Summer Dresses, 59c

A gathering of CHILDREN'S SMART, PRETTY LITTLE DRESSES going at reduced prices, although there's a couple of months' wear for them yet. Scarcely any two alike in design, big range of colorings, prettily trimmed white braid, lace tucking, etc. To fit little ones from 1 to 10 years old. Regularly 90c. New Management's Price 59c

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre-Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

AUGUST SALE SPECIALS.

100 Rolls China Matting at late arrival prices to clear, 40 Pieces Brussels Carpets with Borders, 67, 75, 83 cents, worth \$1.25.

100 Pairs odd Lace Curtains, Clearing Prices and Large Discounts.

Odd Pieces Furniture, Large Discounts, SPECIALS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

THOMAS LIGGET EMPIRE BUILDING 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

olden Rome naught now remains save shattered columns and tenanted sepulchres. And yet not vain were the dreams that it was indestructible.

Another, a greater Rome, was to arise on Tiber's banks—a Rome of which the Rome of pagan gods and seers was the precursor and prophet—the Rome of Peter. "Thou art Peter," it had been said in Galilee, "and on this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell will not prevail against it."

One day this Peter walked along the Appian Way into the Rome of the Caesars. He brought with him the new Rome, the Church built upon himself by the Eternal Christ, endowed by its Founder with its Founder's eternity. The Rome of the Caesars passed away; the Rome of Peter remains. Nineteen centuries went by—centuries of revolution and changes, centuries of kingdoms and empires now towering in strength and power to the very skies, now strewing the earth with their ruins and their dust, of men and institutions coming to-day and going at the dawn of the tomorrow—each of those centuries heralding its birth-morn with the message: "Behold I make all things new"—but meanwhile Rome stood, the Rome

of Peter, challenging the very gates of hell, victorious ever, immortal ever. The indestructibility of Rome! We bow in awe before it; it reveals the divinity to which alone indestructibility may be ascribed—the divinity which spoke in Galilee to Peter, which in fulfilment of solemn promise was with the empire built upon Peter, which with it will be "until the consummation of the world."

They can conquer who believe they can.—Dryden.

The only perfect people are those we don't know.—Mme. de Boufflers.

The Precious Blood was one of God's eternal thoughts. It was part of His wisdom, part of His glory, part of His own blessedness, from all eternity.—Father Faber.

A lady journalist called upon an editor and asked, "Could you use a contribution in your Household Department this week?" "Well," was the reply, "we could do with a couple of dozen fresh eggs and a nice ham, or something of that sort."

Vol. LV., No. 7

THE ST. BARNABAS ENGINEERING

Rev. Walter J. Sheehy, Conn., in a letter to the New York Sun, was another correspondent. Sir—"M. E." of Montreal a letter to the Sun of Aug. 30, advanced propositions at variance with the testimony. The retarding inaccuracies of this letter are too much valuable two statements which false should not be passed without contradiction. One is that "the Church of St. Bartholomew." The other is that "there is no history where the Church of St. Bartholomew." The latter is a Christian who she confined herself to the proper business of the Church. As to the St. Bartholomew, impartial non-Catholic ones attest that the Church part in it. In the whole Church was conspicuous in sense. History affords proof that the massacre was perpetrated by religious animosity. State policy. Charles IX. mother, Catherine de Medici, the Huguenot, had the Catholic faith nor for the Protestant religion inasmuch as it threatened the Papal Nuncio, who was at the time of the plot, writing to Sismondi, a Prot. writer, attests that Charles IX. openly declared in 1572, On August 24, 1572. On August 24, 1572, he declared in that "the deed had been expressed orders, to head off the Huguenots against the royal house, the Navarre and the noblest in his kingdom." Admiral Coligny, the head of the Huguenot journal, which was placed royal council and Parliament papers belonging to other projects which would ried capital punishment in try. Charles IX. wrote to Coligny had more power than was better obeyed by the new religion than I was arrogated so much power that I could not call myself but merely a ruler of part dominions. I could not, tell any longer, and I determined to a justice which was extraordinary, and other would have wished, but which necessary." (Villeroy, Vol. ter to Schomberg, Sept. 13, In the same letter to Schomberg states that: "Coligny ordered the new religion to meet me in arms near Fontenay where I was to be on the August. Since it has pleased to deliver me from him, I thank Him for the just punishment He has inflicted on the admiral's accomplices."

ROOSEVELT'S RUL

"President Roosevelt is a tant, but as President he will act towards the Catholic Church would have a Catholic effect towards the Protestant Church. This expression by Secretary Taft at a banquet given in Manila honor by Archbishop Harty of Philippines, was cheered by distinguished guests present, among them several Protestant clergymen. Secretary Taft, in his address the changes effected by the war brought about a more association between the government and the Catholic Church, than ever heretofore existed. It was that, under the constitution,